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Sketches of the Athletic Competitions at the Royal Military Exhibition Chelsea.

SOLDIERS' SPORTS AT THE CHELSEA MILITARY EXHIBITION.

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THE
INJURIOUS EFFECTS
OF
STIMULANTS.

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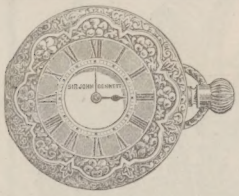

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All communications referring to Advertisements, Subscriptions, or General Business to be addressed to the Publisher, THOMAS FOX, 10, Milford-lane, Strand, London.

PERSONAL POLITICS

The Death of Mrs. Booth

deprives the Salvation Army of the greatest intellectual force it has ever possessed. I have always regarded Mrs. Booth as practically the brain and heart of the Salvation Army. The General is, no doubt, a great organiser, a man full of ideas, and with a certain genius for managing men which, perhaps, has been surpassed by no other Englishman since Gordon died. But I am strongly of opinion that without Mrs. Booth there would have been no Salvation Army. In the first place, she was a woman of very real and intense culture. No one could have heard her speak, no one could read some of those passionate outpourings in which she mirrored her creed and life, without coming to the conclusion that she has made a very real contribution to the religious life of the century. There is no doubt she sailed in very deep waters when she tried to push to the extreme her doctrine of the absolute perfectibility of mankind. I forget now exactly where she left the question, but undoubtedly it was the logical outcome of Salvationism. Salvationism is a kind of religious ecstasy, which it is difficult to prolong; and Mrs. Booth's attempt to show that the result of her creed was to guarantee the believer absolutely against all sin was simply a natural development of the original idea.

THE LATE MRS. BOOTH, WIFE OF GENERAL BOOTH.

Of Mrs. Booth as a Preacher

and platform orator I always had the highest possible opinion. I only heard her two or three times, but on each occasion I came away impressed with the belief that she was the only person of genius who for the last twenty or thirty years has taken to the work of preaching. There was a certain personal magnetism about her, a thrill in her beautiful voice, a note of intense and passionate sympathy in her accents, which infected you, however strongly prejudiced you might be against her creed or her method of expressing it. The Salvation Army has often been accused of vulgarity, but there was not the slightest sign or shade of commonness about Mrs. Booth; but what was charming about her, and about all the Salvationists I have ever met—General Booth, Commissioner Railton, and Bramwell Booth—is their genuine love of mankind. As Mr. Booth says in the *War Cry* this week, "No difference of circumstance, or of race, or of sect, or of age, made any difference to her." There was not the least touch of the hardness of the old severe Calvinism about her methods. She suffered horribly through her last illness, to such an extent, General Booth told me, that, though for the last week or so she was largely under the influence of opiates, which she refused to take in her earlier stages, nothing could subdue her intense and prolonged agony. However, she never uttered any complaints, and maintained her steady cheerfulness to the last. My opinion is that she was a very great woman, who, with Gordon, will be canonised as one of the saints of the nineteenth century.

General Booth's Scheme of Social Reform.

Now perhaps, as I am on the subject of the Salvation Army, I may as well say one word more about the scheme of social reform which will be outlined in General Booth's forthcoming work, which is to appear, I believe, on Oct. 20. Mr. Stead has dealt with it at some length in the *Review of Reviews*, and I gave you the outline of the scheme in my letters of a fortnight ago. There is no doubt that an appeal will be made for funds for the new plan for saving oppressed and degraded England. But I am not quite so sanguine of its success as the editor of the *Review of Reviews*. When General Booth expounded it to me it was very much in the air, and I do not gather that its details are yet filled in. The difficulty, it seems to me, would be to effect any permanent improvement in the condition of the people by any such partial experiment as General Booth proposes. The people whom he chooses to employ will compete with the labour of the workers who are left out of his calculations, unless the majority of them are drafted right away to that rather visionary home beyond the sea which the General has not yet located. However, every opportunity will be given to the Salvation Army of making a fair trial of an extremely interesting proposal. The entire energies of the Army will be bent to accomplish it, and the General, who was at first very much opposed to the scheme, or, at all events, inclined to regard it with great caution, now looks upon it as feasible. He is a man of extraordinary powers of organisation, and, if any man can pull through a big thing of this kind, he is the man to do it.

The Irish Leadership.

Once again we are confronted with rumours of Mr. Parnell's resignation of the leadership of the Irish Party. There is no doubt that his absence from the conference at Dublin is a little strange, and the manner in which he conveyed his intentions was a trifle cavalier. But that is like Mr. Parnell. He has always gone his own way, without reference to other people's ideas of what his tactics and demeanour should be. And there is no doubt that this plan has its attractions for the Irish people. They don't love him, perhaps, but they admire and believe in him with a curious intensity. At the same time, I should like to prepare my readers for a possible new development in the leadership of the Irish Party. Mr. Parnell is no longer the active leader of the Parnellite host. He only occasionally intervenes. He is more often absent from his place in the House of Commons than at any previous period of his leadership, and he has excused himself this winter from several political engagements in this country. Mr. Parnell's reasons are known to many of his friends, and respected by them, and I don't think they in the least degree affect his position in Ireland. Of course, under certain circumstances, a different situation would arise.

Supposing, therefore, that Mr. Parnell should, for reasons of his own, decide to abandon the leadership, it would be an interesting problem as to who would best fill the post of successor. My verdict would certainly be for

Mr. Sexton.

He is certainly the most eloquent living Irishman, and he possesses, in an eminent degree, many of the qualities—such as capacity for details, industry, personal dignity, and a fine presence—which are essential to a Parliamentary leader. There is a kind of friendly rivalry between him and Mr. Healy in Parliamentary business, but I see no reason why that should stand in the way of his appointment. He is less excitable than Mr. O'Brien, more discreet than Mr. Dillon, and has more go than

Mr. Justin McCarthy,

who, if he would consent to take Mr. Parnell's position, would, no doubt, make an excellent substitute. But Mr. McCarthy has literary tastes and occupations which are somewhat absorbing. Failing Mr. Sexton and Mr. McCarthy, there is Mr. T. P. O'Connor, who is an extremely able Parliamentarian, and one of the best platform orators in Great Britain. On the whole, I rather doubt whether, supposing Mr. Parnell retires, any absolute selection would be made. It is more probable that the post would be divided among three or four prominent members of the party. In other words, the leadership would go into commission, and perhaps that would be the best possible course. In all this, of course, I am assuming that Mr. Parnell voluntarily relinquishes his post. It would be out of the question to suppose that any Nationalist would raise a finger against him so long as he cared to retain it.

The Potato Famine in Ireland.

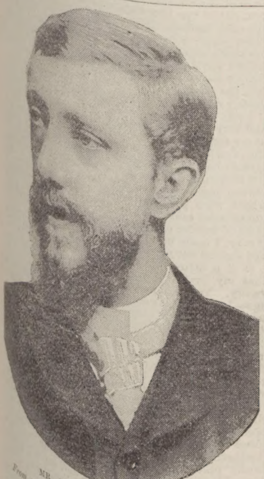
I have just met a friend who has returned from a tour on the western seaboard in Ireland, and he brings me back a doleful tale of coming distress. Within a fairly wide radius of the sea he reports an almost total failure. His plan of investigation was at once thorough and simple. He never took the peasants' or the priests' reports. He went to the potato plots in person, and dug the potatoes with his own hands. He tells me that food will begin to fail in November—or early December at the latest. What struck him as the most serious part of the business was that the peasants are hopelessly in debt. They have never got over the indebtedness incurred in the bad years which began with 1879. When the Land Act came, and the seasons improved, they contrived to pay their way, leaving the old accounts standing. But soon they will want an extension of credit, in order to buy food. The shopkeepers are nearly all Nationalists, and sympathetic with the people. But they will be unable to help the bulk of their customers, for the very simple reason that they have nothing themselves. Therefore the people will be without money, as well as without food. In other words, we are confronted with the prospect of something like a national bankruptcy, or, at all events, a partial breakdown of credit on the most alarming character. I am afraid that in view of a situation of this kind any more railway scheme will come too late, and the Government, however well-meaning, will be applying remedies for evils which in another six weeks or so will have almost got beyond mortal control. Let us hope that things will turn out better than they promise.

THE SCENE-SHIFTER.

FACTS AND FACES.

Mr. Edwin Lester Arnold,

whose portrait is given this week in conjunction with the opening chapters of his remarkable new story, "The Wonderful Adventures of Phra the Phœnician," is the eldest son of Sir Edwin Arnold and his wife, Catherine Biddulph. Mr. Arnold was born at Swanscombe, Kent, in 1857, and shortly afterwards went with his father and mother to India. Mr. Arnold arrived in the East just as the ashes of the great rebellion were smouldering out, and, fortunately for himself, too late to share the dangers and hardships of his countrymen and women in the earlier stages of the conflict. On his return to England, Sir Edwin Arnold settled in Kent, and his son was educated partly at home and partly at Cheltenham College. One of his favourite companions there was the little exiled Prince the son of King Theodore of Abyssinia, while Dr. Jex Blake was "his always courteous and gentle master." On leaving the college he began a long course of practical studies in farming, under some of the best agriculturists of the day, with a view to eventually following that way of life, which had by nature and his father's teaching, become almost grown up to regard as the most wholesome and delightful within the comprehension of an Englishman. Mr. Arnold studied the fine science of sheep-breeding on the grassy downs of Hampshire; he witnessed the highest development of corn-growing on the fertile Suffolk wolds; and in the far north, under George Hope of Fenton Barns, he lived for a time among the moss-trooper and rough life of a modern moss-trooper amid those great herds of Cheviot sheep and rough highland cattle which made his host's name familiar in every



MR. EDWIN LESTER ARNOLD.
From a Photograph by the "Vander Weyde Light," 182, Regent-street.

fair and market along the Border. And though the outcome of all this was only to convince Mr. Arnold that English agriculture, for the time, could not offer anything like the rewards which foreign fields of adventure held out to pluck and enterprise, yet it gave him that deep love of nature and the country-side which is noticeable in the books he has written on these subjects. Being discontented with the prospect at home, Mr. Arnold went out to India again in 1877; and, before he was twenty-one, was alone in the great jungles of Southern India, with, at times, the sole charge of three or four hundred natives who looked to him for direction and encouragement in the laborious work of breaking up virgin forest and carrying roads into the heart of a tropical wilderness. Mr. Arnold has seen men and women dying of famine and disease by scores and hundreds; he has had strange adventures with wild beasts, and has described many of these in a book which he wrote some time ago, under the title of "On the Indian Hills." He was not fated, however, to lead so rough a life for long, and in 1880 was back in England once more. In 1883 he joined the staff of the *Daily Telegraph*, with which his father has so long been honourably connected. Regarding the extraordinary story which we commence this week, it is scarcely necessary to add anything to the brief but appreciative words of Sir Edwin Arnold's preface. But our readers will soon readily acknowledge what rare erudition and literary power Mr. Edwin Lester Arnold has displayed in this wonderful romance.

Miss Florence St. John,

the piquantly pretty and songful prima donna of "Carmen Up to Data," has a radiant face photographers delight to portray. Hence is her captivating counterfeit presentment given here, apropos of her latest triumph at the popular Gaiety Theatre, the bright home of merry, entertaining travesties. Your faithful "Prompter" has too recently reviewed her musical career to render it necessary to dwell on the fact that sweet-voiced Florence St. John, a native of Plymouth, and a gifted child of song Dulcet Devonshire may well feel proud of, developed into a first-rate lyric artist by touring with various travelling opera companies. The graceful and winsome songstress who first won all hearts in London by her incomparable performance of Madame Favart has capped her triumphs by her remarkably vivid realisation of Carmen. She makes the arch coquette Carmen the embodiment of witchery—though she is a Devon rather than a Spanish gipsy. You can't get the rich Devonshire creamy accent out of her pretty, pouting mouth. For my part, much as I have admired Marie Roze and Minnie Hauk, the late Selina Dolaro and the living Zélie de Lussan as Carmen on the operatic stage, I am bound to admit I swear now by Florence St. John's "Carmen Up to Data"—combined, of course, with Lonnen's "Hush, the Bogey!"

The German-Speaking Exhibition

Mr. John R. Whitley is energetically organising what should make an excellent successor to the French Exhibition, whose "Wild East" life and Evening Concerts in the illuminated grounds have proved so very attractive this fine autumn at West Brompton. I gather that Mr. Whitley has secured for the German Exhibition next year the co-operation of many German firms of mark in London and on the Continent. The Earl's Court Eden is to be transformed into a German Volksgarten; lager-beer is to take the place of Normandy cider; Bohemia's beautiful glass and Vienna's lovely pipes, the place of Sèvres china and Parisian bronzes. In short, Earl's Court is to be Germanised next Spring; Hungarian gipsies are to dance in the Louvre Theatre; the lively and rational life of Vienna and the Deutscher Vaterland generally will be brought before us at the coming German Exhibition.

Mr. Clement Scott,

the accomplished dramatic critic of the *Daily Telegraph* and other influential papers, a graceful poet, and a dramatist gifted with a singularly sympathetic style, merrily started the lecture season on the 1st of October at that admirable University for the People the Birkbeck Institute. Mr. Scott had chosen a subject of which he is master. He discoursed most eloquently and earnestly on the actors and actresses he had known during his career for thirty years as a theatrical critic who has consistently striven to raise the tone of dramatic art in this country, and has striven with a notable measure of success. He held his audience from first to last. I began to take notes of his tribute to Dion Boucicault and to Augustus Harris the Elder for the introduction of Fechter, and of his panegyric of the Bancroft reign at the old Prince of Wales's, with the growth of the Robertsonian comedy. But I soon found there were so many plums in this histrionic pudding that there were too many names, too many phases, to mark down; and so gave myself up, like the rest, to a thorough enjoyment of the lecturer's masterly handling of his theme. Son of the late Canon Scott, Mr. Clement Scott has proved himself to be one of our most graceful essayists and poets; and now the world knows he is, in addition, an admirable lecturer. But, as a matter of fact, he is no novice as a lecturer. When Mr. Clement Scott was but eighteen, he lectured in

MR. CLEMENT SCOTT.

the country on our English Poets, and he often laughs now at his temerity in appearing in public at so early an age. The keen love of Nature evidenced in his charming essays on "Poppyland" and in his exquisite poems was doubtless derived from his youthful rambles over the breezy Wiltshire Downs. Mr. Clement Scott's spirited and interesting lecture was warmly applauded by a highly entertained audience, and heartily commended by the august chairman, Mr. Sheriff Harris. I have no doubt that this animated and faithful review of the drama will be similarly applauded when Mr. Scott comes to repeat it for the benefit of the Actors' Benevolent Fund at the Garrick matinée, and also before those large provincial audiences which revel in this form of recreation.

MISS FLORENCE ST. JOHN.

Arts and Crafts.

At the first blush there would not seem to be any difference between a walk round the Arts and Crafts Exhibition at the New Gallery in Regent-street and a walk down Regent-street itself and a peep into Liberty's. To many, indeed, this last would seem the more interesting experience. But William Morris, Walter Crane, and the other æsthetes who run the Arts and Crafts, have a reason for the hope that is in them. They object to our latter-day system of commercial life—the utilisation of the labour of many for the enrichment of a few, the mere mechanical ideal which splits up every art and every craft into a number of branches of commerce, and appoints to each his specific duties, giving in return no other interest than the mere wage received. Let a man make a piece of furniture, or a piece of tapestry, or bind a book with fullest joy in his work, says Mr. Morris, and so to encourage this individual handicraft we have the New Gallery Exhibition. The exhibits therefore must not be compared with Tottenham Court-road and Regent-street. They have a history, made up for the most part of individual effort; and, when one goes in for detail, there are really some exceptionally beautiful things—cabinet-making, bookbinding, printing, and all forms of decorative work are well represented. And the utility of it all is shown by just one example. Edmond Reuter, of Stoke-on-Trent, saw some of Mr. William Morris's book-embellishments at the first Arts and Crafts Exhibition. He went home and took up with the work. The result has been shown at the two last exhibitions. This year he exhibits some pages of Mr. Morris's book "The Roots of the Mountains," with beautifully decorated margins. But I must devote yet another paragraph to the exhibition, as I have not properly seen it yet. At the "Press View" there were too few people, and at the "Private View" there were too many. Who could possibly devote much attention to exhibits when there are a number of pretty and prettily dressed women wherever one turns? Certainly, the usually staid and sober editors whom I saw all around me seemed but little concerned with Mr. Morris's tapestries and Mr. Crane's designs. The exhibition, by the way, is to be opened free on Mondays by ticket to "that portion of the public who have no leisure in the daytime — namely, craftsmen, students, and workers in the arts." Tickets may be had of the Secretary, New Gallery, Regent-street, W.

The O.V.'s.

Have my readers heard of "Ye Sette of Odd Volumes"? The quaint title describes some twenty-one or more book-lovers who meet once a month at Limmer's Hotel for the not particularly bookish delight of dining. I dined with them a day or two ago, and was alike cheered by their dinner and charmed by their oddities. They address their chairman as "Your Oddship" and "His Oddship," and of course they are Brother this and Brother that. A tastefully designed menu card from the pencil of Sylvanus Thompson, one of the O.V.'s, gives an artistic lustre to the board, around which, indeed, sit such well-known art men as Sir James Linton and Mr. Alfred East. After dinner there were some interesting speeches, and then the members showed their friends a variety of literary curiosities which they had brought with them. When all was over I came away inspired with a great deal of respect for the O.V.'s.

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has won such well-merited renown by acting as Christmas toy-almoner for the London hospitals that "Labby's" bright paper has a right to caution the public against indiscriminate charity. If the allegations brought against Mr. Walter Austin be well founded, *Truth* does well to caution the public against subscribing funds to his agency for relief of the London Poor. The discreetest Charity is that which giveth where there is unquestionable need of help. Plenty of cases for prompt relief may be discovered close at hand in whatever quarter one may live in.

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INTRODUCTION.

BY SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, K.C.I.E.

In the garden of my Japanese home in Tokyo I have just perused the last sheets of my son's philosophical and historical romance "Phra the Phœnician."

Amid other scenes I might be led to analyse, to criticise, perhaps a little to argue about the singular hypothesis upon which he builds his story. Here, with a Buddhist temple at my gate, and with Japanese Buddhists around me, nothing seems more natural than that an author, sufficiently gifted with imagination and study, should follow his hero beyond the narrow limits of one little existence, down the chain of many lives, taken up link by link, after each long interval of rest and reward in the Paradise of Jô-Dô. I have read several chapters to my Asiatic friends, and they say, "Oh, yes! It is *ingwa!* it is *Karma!* That is all quite true. We, also, have lived many times, and shall live many times more on this earth." One of them opens the *shoji* to let a purple and silver butterfly escape into the sunshine. She thinks some day it will thank her—perhaps a million years hence.

Moreover, here is a passage which I lately noted, suggestive enough to serve as preface, even by itself, to the present book. Commenting on a line in my "Song Celestial," the writer thus remarks: "The human soul should therefore be regarded as already in the present life connected at the same time with two worlds, of which, so far as it is confined to personal unity to a body, the material only is clearly felt. It is, therefore, as good as proved, or, to be diffuse, it could easily be proved, or, better still, it will hereafter be proved (I know not where or when), that the human soul, even in this life, stands in indissoluble community with all immaterial natures of the spirit-world; that it mutally acts upon them and receives from them impressions, of which, however, as man it is unconscious, as long as all goes well. It is, therefore, truly one and the same subject, which belongs at the same time to the visible and to the invisible world, but not just the same person, since the representations of the one world, by reason of its different quality, are not associated with ideas of the other, and therefore what I think as spirit is not remembered by me as man."

I, myself, have consequently taken the stupendous postulates of Phra's narrative with equanimity, if not acceptance, and derived from it a pleasure and entertainment too great to express, since the critic, in this case, is a well-pleased father.

The author of "Phra" has claimed, for Romance, the ancient license accorded to Poetry and to Painting—

Pictoribus atque poetis
Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas.

He has supposed a young Phœnician merchant, full of the love of adventure, and endowed with a large and observant if very mystic philosophy—such as would serve for no bad standpoint whence to witness the rise and fall of religions and peoples. The Adventurer sets out for the "tin islands," or Cassiterides, at a date before the Roman conquest of England. He dies and lives anew many times, but preserves his personal identity under the garb of half a dozen transmigrations. And yet, while renewing in each existence the characteristic passions and sentiments which constitute his individuality and preserve the unity of the narrative, the author seems to me to have adapted him to varying times and places with a vraisemblance and absence of effort which are extremely effective.

A Briton in British days, the slave-consort of his Druid wife, he passes, by daring but convenient inventiveness, into the person of a Centurion in the household of a noble Roman lady who illustrates in her surroundings the luxurious vices of the latter empire with some relics still of the older Republican virtues. Hence he glides again into oblivion, yet awakes from the mystical slumber in time to take part in King Harold's gallant but fatal stand against the Normans.

He enjoys the repose, as a Saxon thane, which the policy of the Conqueror granted to the vanquished; but after some startling adventures in the vast oak woods of the South kingdom is rudely ousted from his homestead by the "foreigners," and in a neighbouring monastery sinks into secular forgetfulness once more of wife and children, lands and life.

On the return of consciousness he finds himself enshrined as a saint, thanks to the strange physical phenomena of his suspended animation, and learns from the Abbot that he has lain there in the odour of sanctity, according to indisputable church records, during 300 years.

He wanders off again, finding everything new and strange, and becomes an English knight under King Edward III. He is followed to Crecy by a damsel who from act to act of his long life-drama similarly renews an existence linked with his own, and who constantly seeks his love. She wears the armour of a brother knight, and on the field of battle she sacrifices her life for his.

Yet once more, a long spell of sleep, which is not death, brings this much-wandering Phra to the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and it is there, after many and strange vicissitudes, he writes his experiences, and the curtain finally falls over the last passage of this remarkable record.

Such, briefly, is the framework of a creation which, while it has certainly proved to me extremely seductive as a story, is full, I think, of philosophical suggestiveness. As long as men count mournfully the years of that human life which M. Renan has declared to be so ridiculously short, so long their fancies will hover about the possibility of an *elixir vitæ*, of splendidly extended spans like those ascribed to the old patriarchs, and meditate with fascination the mystical doctrines of Buddhism, and the Vedantas. In such a spirit the Egyptians wrapped their dead in careful fashion, after filling the body with preservatives: and if ancient tomes have the "Seven Sleepers" of the Koran, the Danish King who dozes under the Castle of Elsinore, and our own undying King Arthur, do we not go to see "Rip van Winkle" at the play, and is not hybernation one among the problems of modern science which whispers that we might, if we liked, indefinitely adjourn the waste of corporeal tissue, and spread our seventy or eighty years over so many centuries?

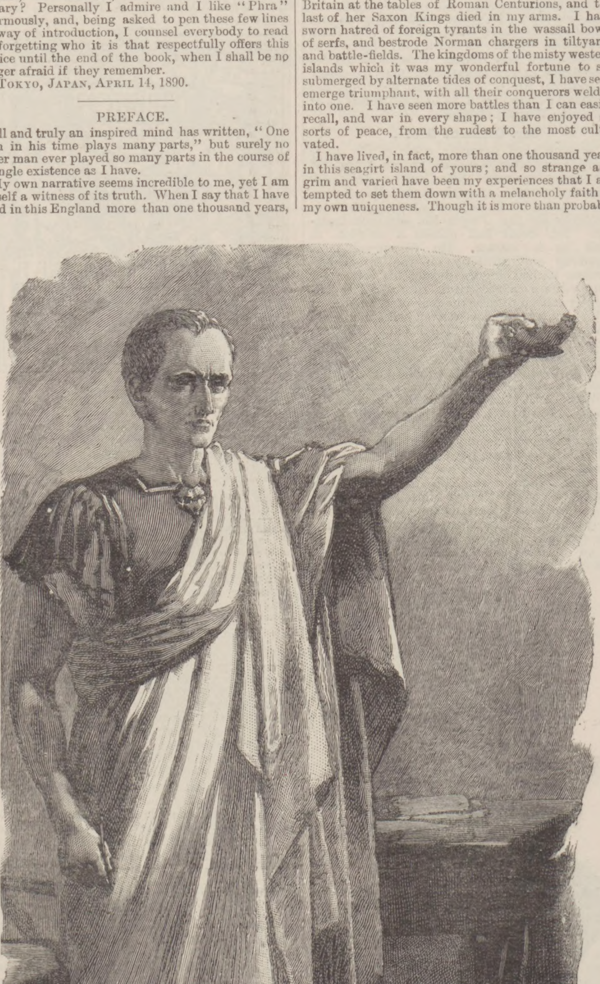
But to be charming an author is not obliged to be credible, or what would become of the "Arabian Nights," of "Gulliver," and of the best books in the library? Personally I admire and I like "Phra" enormously, and, being asked to pen these few lines by way of introduction, I counsel everybody to read it, forgetting who it is that respectfully offers this advice until the end of the book, when I shall be no longer afraid if they remember.

Tokyo, Japan, April 14, 1890.

PREFACE.

Well and truly an inspired mind has written, "One man in his time plays many parts," but surely no other man ever played so many parts in the course of a single existence as I have.

My own narrative seems incredible to me, yet I am myself a witness of its truth. When I say that I have lived in this England more than one thousand years,



He rose, and, with the lamp in his hand, surveyed me from top to toe.—See Chap. II.

and have seen her bud from the callowest barbarity to the height of a prosperity and honour with which the world is full, I shall at once be branded as a liar. Let it pass! The accusation is familiar to my ears. I tired of resenting it before your fathers' fathers were born, and the scorn of your offended sense of veracity is less to me than the lisping of a child.

I was, in the very distance of the beginning, a citizen of that ancient city whose dominion once stretched from the blue waters of the Ægean round to and beyond the broad stream of the Nile herself. Your antiquities were then my household gods, your myths were my beliefs; those facts and fancies on the very fringe of records about which you marvel were the commonplace things of my commencement. Yes! and those dusty relics of humanity that you take with unholy zeal from the silent chambers of sarcophagi and pyramids were my boon companions, the jolly revellers I knew long ago—the good fellows who drank and sang with me through warm, long-forgotten nights—they were the great princes to whom I bent an always duteous knee, and the fair damsels who tripped our sunny streets when Sidon existed and Tyre was not a matter of speculation, or laughed at their own dainty reflections, in the golden leisure of that forgotten age, where the black-legged ibis stood sentinel among the blue lotus-flowers of the temple ponds.

Since then, what have I not done! I have travelled to the corners of the world, and forgotten my own land in the love of another. I have sat here in Britain at the tables of Roman Centurions, and the last of her Saxon Kings died in my arms. I have sworn hatred of foreign tyrants in the wassail bowls of serfs, and bestrode Norman chargers in tiltyards and battle-fields. The kingdoms of the misty western islands which it was my wonderful fortune to see submerged by alternate tides of conquest, I have seen emerge triumphant, with all their conquerors welded into one. I have seen more battles than I can easily recall, and war in every shape; I have enjoyed all sorts of peace, from the rudest to the most cultivated.

I have lived, in fact, more than one thousand years in this seagirt island of yours; and so strange and grim and varied have been my experiences that I am tempted to set them down with a melancholy faith in my own uniqueness. Though it is more than probable few will believe me, yet for this I care nothing, nor do I especially seek your approval of my labours. I, who have tasted a thousand pleasures, and am hoary with disappointments, can afford to hold your censure as lightly as I should your commendation.

Here, then, are my adventures; and this is how they commenced.

CHAPTER I.

Regarding the exact particulars of my earliest wanderings, I do confess I am somewhat uncertain. This may tempt you to reply that one whose memory is so far-reaching and capacious as mine will presently prove might well have stored up everything that befell him from his very beginning. All I can say is, things are as I set them down; and those facts which you cannot believe you must continue to doubt. The first thirty years of my life, it will be guessed in extenuation, were full of the frailties and shortcomings of an ordinary mortal; while those years which followed have impressed themselves indelibly upon my mind by right of being curious past experience and credibility.

Looking back, then, into the very remote past is like looking upon a country which a low sun at once illuminates and blurs. I dimly perceive in the golden haze of the ancient time a fair city rising, tier upon tier, out of the blue waters of the midland sea. A splendid harbour frames itself out of the mellow uncertainty—a harbour whereof the long white arms are stretched out to welcome the commerce of all the known world; and under the white fronts and at the temple steps of that ancient city, Commerce poured into the lap of Luxury every commodity that could gratify cupidity or minister to human pleasure.

I was young then, no doubt, nor need I say a fool; and very likely the sight of a thousand strange sails at my father's door excited my daily wonder, while the avarice which recognises no good fortune in a present having was excited by the silks and gems, the rich stuffs and the gums, the quaint curiosities of human ingenuity and the frolic things of nature, which were piled up there. More than all, my imagination must have been fired by the sea-captains' tales of wonder or romance, and, be the cause what it may, I made up my mind to adventure like them, and carried out my wilful fancy.

It is a fitting preface to all I have learnt since that my first real remembrance should be one of vanity. Yet so it was. More than a thousand years ago—I will not lower my record by a single lustre to propitiate your utmost unbelief—I set out on a first voyage. It might be yesterday, so well it comes before me—with my youthful pride as the spirit of a man was born within, and I felt the strong beat of the fresh salt waves of the open sea upon my trading-vessel's prow, and knew, as I stood there by her steering-oar, that she was stuffed with a hundred bales of purple cloth from my father's vats along the shore, and bound whither I listed. Who could have been prouder than I?—who could have heard finer songs of freedom in the merry hum of the warm Southern air in the brown cordage overhead, or the frothy prattle of the busy water alongside as we danced that day out of the white arms of Tyre, the queenly city of the ancient seas, and saw the young world unfurl before us, full of magnificent possibilities?

It is not my wish or intention to write of my early travels, were it possible. On this voyage (or it may be on some others that followed, now merged into the associations of the first) we traded east and west with adventure and success. The adventure was sure enough, for the great midland sea was then the centre of the world, and, what between white-winged argosies of commerce, the freebooters of a dozen nations who patrolled its bays and corners, and rows of royal galleys sailing to the conquest of empires, it was a lively and perilous place enough. As for the profit, it came quickly to those who opened a hundred virgin markets in the olden days.

We sailed into the great Egyptian river up to Heliopolis, bartering stuffs for gold-dust and ivory; at another time we took Trinacrian wine and oranges into Ostia—a truly magnificent port, with incredible capacities for all the fair and pleasant things of life. Then we sailed among the beautiful Achaian islands with corn and olives; and so, profiting everywhere, we lived, for long, a jolly, uncertain life, full of hardship and pleasure.

For the most part we hugged the coasts and avoided the open sea. It was from the little bays, whose mouths we thus crossed, that the pirates we greatly dreaded dropped down upon merchantmen, like falcons from their perches. When they took a vessel that resisted, the crew, at those rough hands, got scant mercy. I have come across a galley drifting idly before the wind, with all her crew, a grim row of skeletons, hanging in a row along her yard and swinging this way and that, and rattling drearily against the sail and each other in melancholy union with the listless wallow of their vessel. At another time, a Roman trireme fell upon a big pirate of Melita and stormed and captured her. The three hundred men on board were too ugly and wicked to sell, so the Romans drove them overboard like sheep, and burned the boat. When we sailed over the spot at sundown the next day, she was still spluttering and hissing, with the water lapping over the edge of her charred side, and round among the curls of yellow smoke overhead a thousand gulls were screeching, while a thousand more sat gorged and stupid upon the dead pirates. Not for many nights did we forget the evil picture of retribution, and how the setting sun flooded the sea with blood, and how the dead villains, in all their horror, swirled about in twos and threes in that crimson light, and fell into our wake, drawn by the current, and came jostling and grinning, and nodding after us, though we made all sail to outpace them, in a gloomy procession for a mile or so.

It often seemed to me in those days there were more freebooters afloat than honest men. At times we ran from these, at times we fought them and again we would give a big marauder a share of cargo to save the ship from his kindred who threatened us. It was a dangerous game, and one never knew on rising where his couch would be at night, nor whether the prosperous merchant of the morning might not be the naked slave of the evening, storing his own wealth in a robber cave under the lash of some savage sea-tyrant.

Yet even these cruel rovers did me a good turn. We were short of water, and had run down along a lonely coast to a green spring we knew of to fill water-butts and skins. When we let go in the little inlet where the well was to be found, another vessel, and, moreover, a pirate, lay anchored before us. However, we were consciously virtuous, and, what was of more consideration, a larger vessel and crew than the other, so we went ashore and made acquaintance round the fresh water with as villanous a gang of sea-robbers as ever caused the blood of an honest trader to run cold in his veins. The very air of their neighbourhood smelled so of treachery and cruelty we soon had but one thought—to load up and be gone.

But this was a somewhat longer process than we wished, as our friends had baled the little spring dry, and we had to wait its refilling. While we did so, I strolled over to a group of miserable slaves turned out for an airing, and cowering on the black and shadeless rocks. There were in that abject group captives from every country that fared upon those seas, and some others besides. The dusky peasant of Bœotia, that fronts the narrow straits, wrung her hands by the fair-cheeked girl snapped up from the wide Gulf of Narbo; the dark Numidian pearlfisher cursed his patron god; and the tall Achaian from the many islands of the Peloponnesian waters grit his teeth as he cowered beneath his rags and bemoaned the fate that threw him into the talons of the seahawks.

I looked upon them with small interest, for new-taken slaves were no great sight to me, until I chanced, a little way from the others, upon such a captive as I had rarely or never seen. She struck me at once as being the fiercest and most beautiful creature that mortal eyes had ever lit upon. Never

was Umbrian or Iberian girl like that; never was Cyprian Aphrodite served by a maid so pink and white. Her hair was fiery red gold, gleaming in the sunshine like the locks of the young goddess Medusa. Her face was of ruddy ivory, and her native comeliness gleamed through the unwashed dust and tears of many long days and nights. Her eyes were as blue under her shaggy wild hair as the sky overhead, and her body—grimy under its sorrow-stains—was still as fair as that of some dainty princess.

Knowing the pirate captain would seek a long price for his property, I determined to use a little persuasion with him. I went back to my men, and sent one of them, proficient in the art of the bow-string, to look to the slaves. Then I drew the unsuspecting scoundrel up there for a bargain, and, well out of sight of his gang, we faced the red-haired girl and discussed her price. The rascal's first figure was three hundred of your modern pounds, a sum which would then have fetched the younger daughter of a sultan, full of virtue and accomplishments. As this girl very likely had neither one nor the other, I did not see why it was necessary to pay so much, and stroking my beard, in an agreed signal, with my hand, as my man was passing behind the old pirate he slipped a length of twisted cloth over his wicked neck and tightened it with a jerk that nearly started the eyes from his head, and brought him quickly to his knees.

"Now, delicately minded one," I said, "I don't want to fight you and your crew for this maid here, on whom I have set my heart, but you know we are numerous and well armed, so let us have a peaceful and honest bargain. Give me a fairer price;" and obedient to my signal the band was loosened.

"Not a sesterce will I take off," spluttered the wretch, "not a drachma, not an ounce."

"Come! come! think again," I said persuasively, "and the cloth shall help you." Thereon another turn was taken, and my henchman turned his knuckles into the nape of the swarthy villain's neck, until the veins of his forehead stood out like cordage and the blood ran from his nose and eyes.

In a minute the rover threw up his hands and signed he had enough, and when he got his breaht we found he had knocked off a hundred pounds. We gave him the cord again, and brought him down, twist by twist, to fifty. By this time he was almost at his last gasp, and I was contented, paying the coins out on a rock and leaving them there with the rogue, well bound. I was always honest, though, as became the times, a trifle hard at bargains.

Then I cut the red maid loose and took her by the elbow and led her down to the beach, where we were secretly picked up by my fellows, and shortly afterwards we set sail again for the open main.

Thus was acquired the figure-head of my subsequent adventures—the Siren who lured me to that coast where I have lived a thousand years and more. It was the inscrutable will of Destiny that those shining coins I paid down on the bare hot African rock should cost me all my wealth, my cash and credit at many ports, and that that fair slave, who I deemed would serve but to lighten a voyage or two, should mock my forethought, and lead my fate into the strangest paths that ever were trodden by mortal foot.

In truth, that sunny virago bewitched me. She combined such ferocity with her grace, and was so pathetic in her reckless grief at times, that I, the immovable, was moved, and softened the rigour of her mischance as time went on so much as might be. At once, on this, like some caged wild creature, which forgives to one master alone the sorrows of captivity, she softened to me; and before many days were over she had bathed, and, discarding her rags for a length or two of cloth, had tied up her hair with a strand of ribbon she found, and, looking down at her reflection in a vessel of water (her only mirror, for we carried women but seldom), she smiled for the first time.

After this progress was rapid, and, though at first we could only with difficulty make ourselves understood, yet she soon picked up something of the Southern tongue from me, while I very fairly acquired the British language of this comely tutoress. Of her I learnt she was of that latter country, where her father was a chief; how their coast-village had been surprised by a Southern rover's foray; she knew not how many of the people slain or made captive, and herself carried off. Afterwards she had fallen into the hands of other pirates by an act of sea barter, and they were taking her to Alexandria, hoping, as I guessed, in that luxurious city to obtain a higher price than in the ordinary markets of Gaul or Italy.

What I heard of Britain from these warm lips greatly fired my curiosity, and, after touching at several ports and finding trade but dull, chance clinched my resolution.

We had sailed northward with a cargo of dates, and on the sixth day ran in under the high promontory of Massilia, which you moderns call Marseilles. Here I rid myself of my fruit at a very good profit, and, after talking to a brother merchant I met by chance upon the quay, fully determined to load up with oil, wine, stuffs, and such other things as he recommended, and sail at once for Britain.

Little did I think how momentous this hasty decision would be! It was brought about partly as I have explained, and partly by the interest which just then that country was attracting. All the weapons and things of Britain were then in good demand: no tin and gold, the smiths roundly swore, were like the British; no furs in winter, the Roman ladies vowed, were so warm as those; while no patrician from Tarentum to the Tiber held his house well furnished unless a red-haired slave-girl or two from that remote place idled sad and listlessly in his painted porticoes.

In these slaves there was a brisk and increasing traffic. I went into the market that ran just along inside the harbour one day, and saw there an ample supply of such curious goods suitable for every need.

All down the middle of a wide street rough booths of sailcloth had been run up, and about and before these crouched slaves of every age and condition. There were old men and young men—fierce and wild-looking barbarians, in all truth—some with the raw, red scars on chest and limbs they had taken a few weeks before in a last stand for liberty, and some groaning in the sicknesses that attended the slaver's lash and their condition.

There was lank-haired girls submitting with sullen hate to the appraising fingers of purchasers laughing and chatting in Latin or Gaulish, as they dealt with them no more gently than a buyer deals with sheep when mutton is cheap. Mothers, again—sick and travel-stained themselves—were soothing the unkempt little ones who cowered behind them and shrunk from every Roman footstep as the quails shrink from a kestrel's shadow. Some of these children were very flowers of comeliness, though trodden into the mire of misfortune. I bought a little girl to attend upon her upon my ship, who, though she wore at the time but one sorry cloth, and was streaked with dirt and dust, had eyes clear as the Southern sky overhead, and hair that glistened in uncared-for brightness upon her shoulders like a tissue of golden threads. Her mother was loth to part with her, and fought like a tiger when we separated them. It was only after the dealer's lash had cut a dozen red furrows into her back, and a bystander had beat her on the head with the flat of his sword, that she gave in and swooned, and I led the weeping little one away.

So we loaded up again with Eastern things, such as the barbarians might be supposed to like, and in a few weeks started once more. We sailed down the green coast of Hispania, through the narrow waters of Herculis Fretum, and then, leaving the undulating hills of that pleasant strait behind, turned northward through the long waves of the black outer sea.

For many days we rolled up a sullen and dangerous coast, but one morning our pilot called me from my breakfast of fruit and millet cakes, and, pointing over the green expanse, told me yonder white surf on the right was breaking on the steep rocks of Armorica, while the misty British shore lay ahead.

So I called out Blodwen the slave, and told her to sniff the wind and find what it had to say. She knew only too well, and was vastly delighted, wistfully scanning the long grey horizon ahead, and being beside herself with eagerness.

We steered westwardly towards the outer islands called Cassiterides, where most of our people collected and bought their tin, but we were fated not to reach them. On the morrow so fierce a gale sprang out of the deep we could by no means stand against it, but turned and fled through the storm and over such a terrible expanse of mighty billows as I never saw the like of.

To my surprise, my girl thought naught of the wind and sea, but came constantly to the groaning bulwarks, where the angry green water swirled and gleamed like a cauldron, and, holding on by a shroud, looked with longing but familiar eyes at the rugged shore we were running down. At one time I saw her smile to recognise, close in shore, and plunging heavily towards some unknown haven, half a dozen of her own native fisher-boats. Later on, Blodwen brightened up even more as the savage cliffs of the west gave way to rolling downs of grass, and when these, as we fled with the sea-spume, grew lower, and were here and there clothed with woods, and little specks among them of cornfields, she shouted with joy, and, leaping down from the tall prow, where she had stood indifferent to the angry thunder of the bursting surges upon our counter, and the sting and rattle of the white spray that flew up to the swinging yard every time we dropped into the bosom of the angry sea, she said exultingly, with her face red and gleaming in a salt wet glaze, she could guide us to a harbour if we would.

I was by this time a little sick at heart, for the safety of all my precious things in bales and boxes below, and something like the long invoice of them I knew so well, rose in my throat every time we sank with a horrible sinking into one of those shadowy valleys between the hissing crests—so I nodded. Blodwen at once made the helmsman draw us nearer the coast. By the time we had approached the shore within a mile or so, the white squalls were following each other fast, while heavy columns of western rain were careering along the green sea in many tall spectral forms. But nothing cared that purchase of mine. She had gone to the tiller, and, like some wild goddess of the foam, stood there, her long hair flying on the wet sea wind and her fierce bright eyes aglow with pleasure and excitement as she scanned the white ramparts of the coast down which we were hurtling. She was oblivious of the swarthy seamen, who eyed her with wonder and awe; oblivious of the white bed of froth which boiled and flashed all down the rim of our dipping gunwale; and equally indifferent to the heavy rain that smoked upon our decks, and made our straining sails as hard and stiff as wood.

Just as the great shore began to loom over us, and I sorely doubted my wisdom in sailing these unknown waters with such a pilot, she gave a scream of pleasure—an exulting, triumphant note, that roused a sympathetic chorus in the piping wildfowl overhead—and, following the point of her finger, we saw the solid rampart of cliffs had divided, and a little estuary was opening before us.

Round went our felucca to the imperious gesture of that girl, and, gripping the throbbing tiller over the hands of the strong steersman, aglow with excitement yet noting everything, while the swart brown sailors shouted at the humming cordage, she took us down through an angry cauldron of sea and over a foaming bar (where I cursed in my haste every ounce I had spent upon her) into the quieter water beyond; and when, a few minutes later—reeking with salt spray, but safe and sound—we slowly rolled in with the making tide to a secure, land-locked haven, that brave girl left the rudder, and, going forward, gave one look at the opening valley, which I afterwards knew was her strangely recovered home, and then her fair head fell upon her arms, and, leaning against the mast, under the tent of her red hair she burst into a passionate storm of tears.

She soon recovered, and stealing a glance at me, as she wiped her lids with the back of her hands, to note if I were angry, her feminine perception found my eyes gave the lie to the frown upon my forehead, so she put on some extra importance (as though the air of the place suited her dignity), and resumed command of the ship.

Well! There is much to tell, so it must be told briefly. We sailed into a fair green estuary, with woods on either hand dipping into the water and nodding to their own glistening reflections, until we turned a bend and came upon a British village down by the edge. There were, perhaps, two hundred huts scattered round the slope of a grassy mound, upon top of which was a stockade of logs and mud walls encompassing a few better-built houses. Canoes and bigger boats were drawn upon the beach, and naked children and dogs were at play along the margin; while women and some few men were grinding corn and fashioning boat-gear.

As our sails came round the headland, with one single accord the population took to flight, flung down their meal-bags and tools, tumbling over each other in their haste, and yelling and scrambling they streamed away to the hill.

This amused Blodwen greatly, and she let them run until the fat old women of the crowd had sorted themselves out into a panting rearguard halfway up, and the long-legged youngsters were already scrambling over the barrier: then, with her hand over her mouth, she exerted her powerful voice in a long wailing signal-cry. The effect was instantaneous. The crowd stopped, hesitated, and finally came scrambling down again to the beach; and after a little parley, being assured of their goodwill, and greatly urged by Blodwen, we landed, and were soon overwhelmed in a throng of wondering, jostling, excited British.

But it was not to me to whom they thronged, but rather her; and such wonder and surprise, broadening slowly in joy as she, with her nimble woman's tongue, answered their countless questions, I never witnessed. At last they set up yelling and shouting, and, seizing her, dragged and carried her in a tumultuous procession up the zigzag into the fortalice.

Blodwen had come home—that was all; and from a slave-girl had blossomed into a Princess!

Never before was there such a yelling and chattering, and blowing of horns and beating of shields. While messengers rushed off down the woodland paths to rouse the country, the villagers crowded round me and my men, and, having by the advice of one of their elders relinquished their first intention of cutting all our throats in the excess of their pleasure, treated us very handsomely, feeding and feasting the crew to the utmost of their capacity.

I, as you will suppose, was ill at ease for my fair barbarian who had thus turned the tables upon me, and in whose power it was impossible not to recognise that we now lay. How would the slave Princess treat her captive master? I was not long in doubt. Her messenger presently touched me on the shoulder as I sat, a little rueful, on a stone apart from my rollicking men, and led me through that prehistoric village street up the gentle slope, and between the oak-log barrier into the long low dwelling that was at once the palace and the citadel of the place.

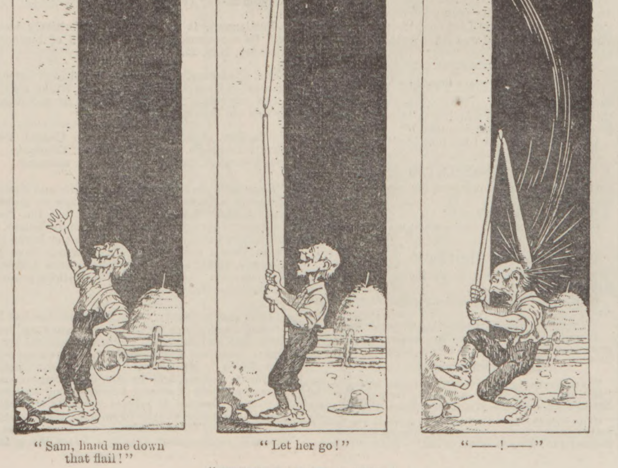
Entering, I found myself in a very spacious hall, effective in its gloomy dignity. All round the three straight sides the massive walls were hidden in drapery of the skins and furs of bear, wolf, and deer, and over these were hung in rude profusion light round shields embossed with shining metal knobs, javelins, and boar-spears, with a hundred other implements of war or wood craft. Below them stood along the walls rough settles, and benches with rougher tables, enough to seat, perhaps, a hundred men. At the crescent-shaped end of the hall, facing the entrance door—was a daïs—a raised platform of solid logs closely placed together and covered with skins—upon which a massive and ample chair stood, also of oak, and wonderfully fashioned and carved by the patient labour of many hands.

Nigh it were a group of women, and one or two white-robed Druids, as these people call their priests. But chief among them was she who stepped forth to meet me, clad (for her first idea had been to change her dress) in fine linen and fair furs—how, I scarcely know, save that they suited her marvellously. Fine chains of hammered gold were about her neck, a shining gorget belt set with a great boss of native pearls upon her middle, and her two bare white arms gleamed like ivory under their load of bracelets of yellow metal and prismatic pearl-shell that clanked harmoniously to her every movement. But the air she put on along with these fine things was equally becoming, and she took me by the hand with an affectionate condescension, while, turning to her people, she briefly harangued them, running glibly over my virtues, and bestowing praise upon the way in which I had "rescued and restored her to her kindred," until, so gracefully did she pervert the truth, I felt a blush of unwonted virtue under my callous skin; and when they acclaimed me friend and ally, I stood an inch taller among them to find myself of such unexpeected worth—one tall Druid alone scowling on me evilly.

For long that pleasant village by the shallow waters remembered the coming of Blodwen to her own. Her kinsmen had all been slain in the raid of the sea-rovers which brought about her captivity, and thus—the succession to headship and rule being very strictly observed among the Britons—she was elected, after an absence of six months, to the oak throne and the headship of the clan with an almost unbroken record. But that priest, Dhuwallon, her cousin, and next below her in birth, scowled again to see her seated there, and hated me, I saw, as the unconscious thwarter of his ambition.

Those were fine times, and the Princess bought my cargo of wine and oil and Southern things, distributing it to all that came to pay her homage, so that for days we were drunk and jolly. Fires gleamed on twenty hilltops round about, and the little becks ran red down to the river with the blood of sheep and bullocks slaughtered in sacrifice; and the foot-tracks in the woods were stamped into highways; and the fords ran muddy to the ocean; and the grass was worn away; and birds and beasts fled to quieter thickets; and fishes swam out to the blue sea; and everything was eaten up, far and wide; that time my fair slave-girl first put her foot upon the daïs and prayed to the manes of her ancestors among the oak-trees.

(*To be continued.*)



"Sam, hand me down that flail!" — "Let her go!" — "——!——"

"THERE'S MANY A SLIP."

SEASONABLE.

Miss Sharpe: "Oh, how do you do, Mr. Sissy? You are not looking very well."

Mr. Sissy: "No, Miss Shawpe; I've a cold or something in my head."

Miss Sharpe (calmly): "I think it must be a cold, Mr. Sissy."

The Coaching Revival, which has enlivened many a town and village near London with the tootle-tooting of the horn, renders the publication of the smart red-covered brochure before us exceedingly apropos. It is entitled "The Coach Horn: What to Blow, and How to Blow It," and is written by an "Old Guard." This is a booklet Mr. Peter J. Rumney, of the St. Albans Coach, would revel in. The publishers are Köhler & Son, 61, Victoria-street, Westminster.

The Flower Garden looks so beautiful this fine autumn, with radiant geraniums and begonias, with brilliant chrysanthemums and gay cockscombs, that amateur gardeners may well be stimulated to renewed efforts to embellish their bright, eye-gladdening parterres. They will find a serviceable guide in "Daniels Brothers' Illustrated Catalogue of Dutch Flower Roots," giving illustrations and prices of the choicest plants supplied from the Norwich Seed Establishment of Messrs. Daniels.

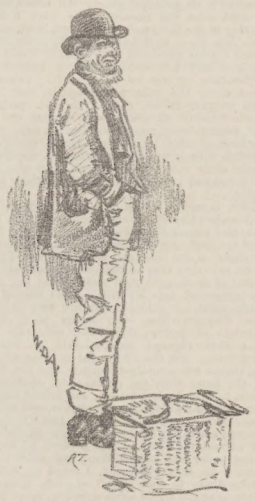
Birkbeck Literary and Scientific Institution, Bream's Buildings, Chancery-lane.—The sixty-eighth session of this well-known institution of evening classes for young men and young women has just commenced. About two hundred classes meet weekly in commercial and technical subjects, type-writing, shorthand, mathematics, natural, applied, and mental science; French, German, and Italian; history, literature, art, music, law, &c. Special classes are arranged for University, Civil Service, and other examinations. The classes are inexpensive, open to both sexes, and afford ample opportunities to young men and young women to acquire most useful knowledge after business hours. During the past session the students have met with their usual great success at various competitions. On Wednesday evenings lectures are delivered in the large theatre of the institution. Among those who are already engaged may be mentioned Sir Robert S. Ball, Dr. Dallinger, Mr. Samuel Brandram, M. Max O'Rell, Mr. Clement Scott, Dr. Rentoul, M.P., Mr. Charles Dickens, Mr. J. T. Carrodus, Mr. Fred Villiers, and Mr. John Thomas. This excellent People's University cannot be too strongly recommended.

"Rejuvenation."—An eminent physician (M.D., R.N., &c.) writes: "I have twice visited Mr. C. B. Harness' Electropathic Establishment, at 52, Oxford-street, London. I had long been a believer in the efficacy of electropathy scientifically carried out, but was not prepared for the perfection of appliances there displayed. I was quite as much pleased as surprised. Thousands of ailing ones may here seek for and find what I may term 'rejuvenation,' in contradistinction to premature old age. I recommend electropathy in many ailments, especially the following: Nervous exhaustion, chronic debility, ennui or melancholy, amenorrhea, dysmenorrhea, rheumatic gout, chronic rheumatism in any form, functional heart complaints, neuralgia, and chronic ailments of the digestive canal." Every man and woman in search of health should wear one of Harness' Electropathic Belts. Those who are unable to call and avail themselves of a free personal consultation are invited to write at once for descriptive pamphlet and book of testimonials. Note only address, 52, Oxford-street, London, W.—[Advt.]

"Any Doctor Will Tell You" there is no better Cough Medicine than Keating's Lozenges. One gives relief; if you suffer from cough try them but once; they will cure, and they will not injure your health; they contain only the purest and simplest drugs, skilfully combined. Sold everywhere in 13½d. Tins.—[Advt.]

LINCOLNSHIRE FISHING COMPETITION.

Boston—not the great American city, but the good old Lincolnshire town, after which the



AN OLD FISHERMAN.

colonists of Massachusetts named their famous city—is an ancient English seaport, on the East coast; while Sheffield, the busy seat of the steel cutlery trade, is quite an inland town of Yorkshire. The pastime of fresh-water angling,

AN ANXIOUS MOMENT.

curious to observe, has induced these very different towns, or some of their inhabitants, to associate in a pleasant yearly meeting, of which we give a few Sketches this week. On Sept. 22 the competition for the second annual

THE LARGEST FISH CAUGHT.

angling sweepstakes, promoted by the tradesmen of Boston, took place in the waters of the Cowbridge and Hobhole drains, near Boston. That the tradesmen of Boston profit materially by the daily and weekly visits of

Sheffield Anglers

throughout the angling season is proved by the fact that they can afford annually to give £50 to be competed for by anglers residing within a radius of fifteen miles of Sheffield (whether members of the Sheffield Anglers' Association or not).

The Boston Executive

spared neither trouble nor expense to render satisfaction, the sole cause being that Sheffield anglers did not attend in such numbers as last year, when 1295 competed. The weather at Sheffield on the Sunday night was by no means of an assuring character, as rain fell in torrents, and the morning opened threateningly. The special train that day conveyed only a moderate number of anglers, but the greater number of intending competitors had gone to Boston on Saturday and Sunday. The entrance fee was fixed at the moderate sum of 1s., and by two o'clock the

597 Fishermen

were in their stations, all those with tickets numbering from 1 to 300 being located towards Cowbridge, and those from 300 to 700 towards Hobhole. Fishing commenced at two o'clock, and continued two hours, during which time the weather was fine and favourable for fishing, consequently the catches were above the average.

The Best Take

consisted of twenty roach, which weighed 6 lb.; while the last five, who tied for a fishing-rod given by Mr. Munkman, Bargate, Boston, each caught 1 lb. 2 oz. Immediately after four o'clock, the "weighers-in" commenced their arduous task; after two hours' work the books were checked, when it was found that the highest weights of fish caught were 6 lb., by George Lingard, who thereby won the first prize, £10; 5 lb. 14 oz., Walter Darrin, second prize, £7 10s.; the third prize, £5, was taken by G W Rogerson, for his catch of 5 lb. 7 oz., and the fourth prize, £2 10s., by William Brown, whose catch weighed 5 lb. 6 oz. Ten prizes of £1 each, and many of less value, were awarded in the same manner; altogether, fifty-seven competitors divided the sweepstakes. The general arrangements were perfect, and carried out without the slightest hitch, under the supervision of an efficient working committee, of which Messrs. E. Borkwood and C Elston were secretaries; W. W. Mitchell, treasurer. The prizes were distributed at the Angel Hotel. It is rather a curious coincidence that the first prize winner, George Lingard, lives at 1, Boston-street, Sheffield, and was No. 1 in the sweepstakes at Boston.

THE GREATEST JOY.

She (enthusiastically): "Oh, George, don't you think the greatest joy in life is the pursuit of the good, the true, and the beautiful?"

He: "That's what I am here for."

PROPHETIC

She: "It will be a pleasure for me to share your troubles and anxieties."

He: "But I haven't any.'

She: "Oh, you will have, when we are married."

ONE FOR SOCIETY DAMES.

Wiggins: "Who are those ladies in that left-handed box?"

Muggins: "Oh, that is a constellation of society stars."

Wiggins: "Any particular constellation?"

Muggins: "Well, judging from their décolleté costumes, I should say the Great Bare."

Tobacconists Commencing.—Illd. Guide (229 pages, 3d.), "How to Commence."—Tobacconists' Outfitting Co., 186, Euston-road, London.—Hy. Myers. Estab. 1866.—[Advt.]

Cadbury's Cocoa.—"A Food alike suitable for building up the growing body, and for repairing the waste which is incidental to all the processes of life."—*Health*.—[Advt.]

HOW THE WORLD WAGS

According to present arrangements, the Queen is to reside at Balmoral until Friday, Nov. 14, when the Court will remove to Windsor Castle for five weeks, after which the Queen is to proceed to Osborne for two months.

The Queen has lately, says *Truth*, granted the coveted privilege of "the *entrée*" to the Duchess of Cleveland, Lord Dufferin, Lord Lytton, the Duchess of Athole, Lord Abergavenny, and the Duke of Fife, for their respective lives. It is not generally known that the *entrée* is permanently enjoyed by all ex-Cabinet Ministers, all ex-Great Officers of the Household, and all ex-Ambassadors, and also by all ladies who have held the post of Mistress of the Robes. When a man is entitled to, or is granted, the *entrée*, his wife and unmarried daughters also obtain that privilege. Every application for the *entrée*, whether for one day only or permanently, goes before the Queen, and it is never granted, under any circumstances, without her express permission.

The Prince of Wales (says the *World's* omniscient "Atlas") only remained in London for about four-and-twenty hours on his way from Scotland to Austria, but he contrived to pay a visit to the Lyceum Theatre on Friday sen'night to witness the performance of "Ravenswood," attended by Colonel Stanley Clarke and Captain Tyrwhitt-Wilson.

The Prince of Wales, on Monday, received Mr. Maude, Secretary of the British Embassy at Vienna, who was with him over an hour. Wearing his Austrian uniform of a Colonel of the Hussars, and accompanied by Lord Dudley, he drove at noon to the Capucine Convent, where he laid a splendid wreath of flowers on the coffin of his deceased friend the Crown Prince. The Prince knelt for some time in silence on the prie-Dieu in front of the coffin. At half past one the Prince gave a luncheon at the Grand Hotel to the King of Greece, Prince Nicholas of Greece, Sir Augustus Paget, and all the members of the British Embassy, Baron Hirsch, and Professor Angeli. At four he left by rail for Sanct Johann with Baron Hirsch.

The Prince of Wales will not remain abroad for more than three weeks, and his only engagements are visits to Count Tassilo Festetics at Kesythels, in Hungary, and to Baron Hirsch at St. Johann, in Moravia. The Prince and Princess of Wales are to be the guests of Lord and Lady Londonderry at Wynyard Park, county Durham, during the last week of this month.

Even the omniscient *Figaro* did not discover the presence of Princess Maud of Wales at the baths of Vichy, although she has been staying there for several weeks, so efficiently was her incognito maintained.

The Emperor William's visit to the Emperor of Austria has come to a close.

The Boulangist revelations, the Comte de Paris's letter, and Madame Carnot's gifts to the nuns are so many agents which hasten the disintegration of the Royalist party in France.

While driving from Muerzsteg to Neuberg on Sunday, the Emperor Francis Joseph and his guest, the Emperor William, met with a slight accident. One of the horses shied, and the carriage was thrown against a wall, the pole being broken. Their Majesties alighted without hurt.

At a fête at Munich on Sunday the Prince Regent of Bavaria was inspecting some prize bulls, when one of the animals broke loose and dashed into the crowd. The Prince succeeded in springing aside and avoiding the danger, but several people were trampled on and slightly injured.

The Queen of Roumania, in reply to addresses presented to her on the evening of the 1st at Llandudno, expressed her gratification at the cordial reception she had met with in Wales, and her admiration for its people. She subsequently left by train, amid hearty acclamations, en route for Balmoral, on a visit to the Queen.

The Queen of Roumania, during her sojourn at Balmoral, drove to Abergeldie, and visited the Princess of Wales. She also drove with her Majesty to visit the Duchess of Albany at Birkhall. Queen Elizabeth spent Sunday in Edinburgh, and left in the evening for London. She then left for the Continent, and arrives in her own capital on Sunday next.

The Marquis of Salisbury is expected to arrive in London to-day (Friday).

Parliament, it has now been definitively decided, will be summoned for the dispatch of business on Tuesday, Nov. 25.

Mr. Gladstone, who was prevented from attending Hawarden Church on Sunday by a slight cold, has quite recovered, and was present at the morning service on Monday.

The Rev. Henry White, of the Chapel Royal, Savoy, Chaplain to the House of Commons, was found dead in his bed on Tuesday morning.

A severe storm is reported from Berlin and Northern Germany, attended by serious damage to property, and some loss of life. It is stated that the Danish schooner Neptunus stranded on Sandy Island, but her crew were saved. At Hamburg the lower parts of the town are flooded, five persons have been drowned, and the ferry boats have been obliged to stop running. At Neumühlen the bathing establishments were totally destroyed.

The London County Council Committee has been hearing applications for granting or renewing licenses for music and dancing. When a renewal for the Royal Aquarium was applied for, a strong opposition was offered by Mr. Coote, Secretary to the National Vigilance Society, and by Mr. Charrington. After the examination of several witnesses and arguments as to the character of certain portraits and photographs, the decision of the Committee was announced. The license is to be renewed, conditionally on the placards representing Zeo and Paula being withdrawn, and the sale of the photographs of Zeo being suppressed within or in connection with the Aquarium.

The Bishop of North and Central Europe has just consecrated, at Christiania, the first English church in Norway. The Consul, Mr. Mitchell, to whom the building of the church is due, acted as Registrar.

MR. H. H. HAMMOND.

of Tottenham, deserves a full measure of praise for a courageous act he performed on September 28. He was walking along the banks of the river Lea, especially dangerous by reason of the weeds that infest the stream—when he suddenly saw a man fling himself into the water. An able swimmer, Mr. Hammond at once plunged into the Lea, grappled with the would-be suicide, a man named Thomas Hill, and, after considerable difficulty, succeeded in saving him. Mr. Freas Wills rendered effective aid in preventing Hill from re-entering the perilous river. Mr. Hammond, who is a wood-engraver of artistic tastes on the staff of the *Illustrated London News*, eminently deserves the Royal Humane Society's medal for his plucky rescue.

A meeting of the male clerical staff of the Savings Bank Department of the General Post Office has been held at the Cannon-street Hotel. The meeting was convened to protest against the action of the authorities to fill up vacancies in the department by the introduction of female clerks, and resolutions in accordance with this object were adopted.

Mrs. Booth is to be buried in London. Her remains, brought from Clacton-on-Sea, where she died, to the Congress Hall, Clapton, will be interred at Abney-park Cemetery, Stoke Newington, the place of burial of many officers of the Salvation Army.

The remains of Edward Easton, of Fulham, who shot himself in St. Paul's Cathedral on Sunday week, were cremated at Woking on Saturday. A small party of personal friends and representatives of the National Secular Society left Waterloo at noon, and reached the building of the Cremation Society about half past one. The process occupied two hours and forty minutes.

A meeting was held on Monday under the bankruptcy of Leslie Fraser Duncan, against whom a verdict, with ten thousand pounds damages, was recovered by Miss Gladys Knowles in an action for breach of promise of marriage. Mr. Duncan, who failed to attend, and his counsel said his health would not permit him to be present, but that he would surrender for examination when the new trial of his action came on. Mr. Stewart, the official receiver, warned Mr. Duncan that a warrant might be issued against him if he did not come up for public examination, and this warrant was subsequently issued. It was stated that Mr. Duncan was now married to Mrs. White-Melville.

TILL HIS NOSE WAS PUT OUT OF JOINT.

Interviewer: "You began life as a clerk, did you not?"

Merchant: "No, Sir; I began life as a king. I was the first baby."

RETALIATION.

The schoolma'am seeks vacation's joys,
Her labour being done,
And she who tanned the little boys
Is now tanned by the sun.

A CERTAIN CURE.

A sulky girl may sometimes be cured by taking her out in a buggy with a seat just large enough for two.

OH, THE PITY OF IT!

Elsie: "Did you know papa well before you married him, mamma?"

Mother (sadly): "No, dear, I didn't."

"BEWARE OF THE VIDDERS, SAMIVEL!"

There is, generally speaking, nothing green about a widow, notwithstanding her weeds.

"CHEESE IT!"

A piece of limburger cheese is like a tack in one respect—you can always find it in the dark.

NOT ALWAYS!

When a father is seen purchasing a pair of stout boots it is not always an evidence that he is on good terms with his daughter's suitor.

The World of Pastime

The autumn meeting of the

London Athletic Club,

held on Saturday last at Stamford-bridge, presented more than one feature of interest. The challenge-cups of this club have always been coveted trophies among the higher flight of athletics, and the names which adorn the historical cups comprise most of the very finest runners that have appeared since the practice of athletics came into vogue. Many of the races for their possession have assumed the importance of championships, and were more than once productive of record performances of the time. So mighty were the athletic giants who, in days gone by, held the London Athletic Club challenge cups that few had the temerity to challenge. Then, races were few and walks-over many; but when there was a race all the world came to see it. The great race for the mile between W. M. Chinnery and Scott, and, later, that for the half-mile between F. T. Elborough, H. W. Hill, W. Slade, and the Hon. A. Pelham, will be remembered in athletic lore so long as anyone is left to remember. Saturday last presented a strange contrast to what would have been the case a decade or more ago. There were upon the programme no fewer than five challenge cup races, and for each there was a contest, four competing in two instances. This is, of course, a very satisfactory state of things; and it says very much for the prosperity of the old club that so many people come forward with gifts of cups, for the club never has to find any of these rather costly articles. That excellent runner B. C. Green won two of the cups—the 250 yards and the Quarter-Mile Hurdles, the latter being competed for the first time. The most enthusiasm was elicited over the Half-Mile, the victory of Harold Wade, after being pushed all the way for the last 300 yards by A. R. Lawford, being very popular. Indeed, the West London Lacrosse Club, which was practising in the "Orchard," ceased playing on purpose to applaud. Wade's performance seemed to surprise very many, after the distance running he has done, and it may prove that he has been running out of his distance all the time. He has clearly not made up his mind yet, for he afterwards ran in the two miles. I see so many men running all sorts of odd distances and so many races in an afternoon, that I am obliged to suppose them badly advised, or perhaps not advised at all. No man can be at his best on the same day over half a mile and two miles, while anyone who has run a hard race for 880 yards has done quite enough for that day. There was more than one athlete on Saturday who ran far too much. F. A. Waylen, for instance, who is much addicted to this, competed in the quarter-mile hurdles, the 220-yards handicap, and then in the 600-yards handicap, twice. It was clear from his running in the final of the last race that, had he confined himself to that, he would have won a prize, at least. F. A. Cohen first of all won the 1000-yards challenge cup, and then came out very soon afterwards for the half-mile, finishing up by starting for the two-miles. A. R. Lawford also came out three times—namely, in the 250-yards, the half-mile, in which he was second to Wade, and in the 600-yards. It is not by this means that great athletes have attained their excellence. The

Two-Miles Bicycle

Challenge Cup was easily won by H. Gould, in the absence of L. Stroud, who was entered, but who was competing in the North Road Fifty Miles Race, in which his pneumatic tyre burst.

In the One Mile Bicycle Handicap, E. Leitch, riding a pneumatic-tyred Safety, won from scratch, and also beat the record for this ground by covering the distance in 2 min. 39 4-5 sec. Osmond's 2 min. 41 sec., made on a high bicycle, was, however, a better performance.

The best performance of the meeting was that of Sidney Thomas, in the

Two Miles Handicap,

who won from scratch in 9 min. 35 4-5 sec. Thomas's style was perfect.

Throwing the Hammer brought out a very old Oxford "Blue" in W. A. Burgess, who won with 95 ft. 7 in., but he would have done better had he taken more throws.

At Tufnell Park the

Highgate Harriers

were simultaneously holding a meeting that was not devoid of merit, for in the One Mile Walking Handicap H. Curtis covered the distance in 6 min. 40 sec., the course being on turf. In this race W. Hilsden again showed how good he is, he winning with 140 yards from Curtis. Hilsden walks very fairly. In connection with the one-mile novices' handicap I notice a novelty in the shape of a prize to the first in of the club sending the greatest number of entries. I always thought the H.H. could obtain enough entries without this sort of thing.

Scottish Football Affairs

have come to a crisis during the past week, and serious law proceedings are spoken of on behalf of Renton. Renton virtually defied the Scottish Association in playing, after due caution, against a suspended club, which had endeavoured to evade the consequences of a previous act by the simple and very transparent expedient of changing its name. Renton's act was that of flat rebellion, and the S.F.A. came down upon it with ostracism. The Scottish League clubs who were to have played Renton at once cried off, in order to save themselves from a similar fate, the result being virtual annihilation of the club. Renton are now threatening legal proceedings on the ground of damages, and, if anything comes of this, a trial should be very interesting, for we should then learn how a body of people playing a game for amusement can sustain any pecuniary damages. As might have been expected, agents of some of the crack English professional organisations have swooped down, and we shall probably see some of the Renton men playing this side of the Tweed before long.

Another Instance

was given on Saturday of the inadvisability of playing a game when out of practice. This was at Belfast, in the lacrosse match Lancashire v. County Antrim. On paper, Lancashire had a very strong team, but lack of practice and condition gave the Irishmen a chance of which they speedily availed themselves, winning by eight games to three. This to some slight extent atones for England's victory over Ireland earlier in the year, played when the Englishmen were at their best.

Four of the old boys' clubs have already disappeared from the competition for the

Football Association Cup,

Old St. Mark's being beaten by the London Caledonians by three goals to two, after an extra half-hour had been played; the Old Harrovians were defeated by Gravesend by four goals to one; the Old Wykehamists succumbed to Folkestone by two goals to one; and the Old Brightonians were just beaten by the Old Carthusians by four goals to three. Playing against the Swifts, who are understood to have a grievance at having to play in the qualifying round at all, the Old Etonians won by four goals to one, thus showing the best form of the Old Boys' teams.

Of the

Football League

matches, that between Everton and Derby County attracted the most attention, some 12,000 spectators being present at Everton. It was a one-sided match, however, Everton scoring their fifth consecutive win by seven goals to none, their goal total being now twenty-three scored to two against. Preston North End were beaten by Blackburn Rovers by two goals to one, and Aston Villa by Bolton Wanderers by four goals to nil. West Bromwich Albion beat Burnley, Wolverhampton Wanderers defeating Accrington.

Next Saturday we are to have another match by the lady cricketers at the Military Exhibition. Cricket in mid-October will indeed seem strange, but if heavy rain does not fall it will be quite possible in this unusually fine autumn.

Mr. W. G. Grace

announces that the Australian bowler Mr. J. J. Ferris intends doing his best to reside in England and qualify for Gloucestershire. With this object in view he has taken a house in that county, and, if he returns, will be qualified by 1892. This will be very nice for Gloucestershire, but how will Australia like losing one of her two crack bowlers?

Swimming.

That Manchester has given another remarkably fine swimmer to the world in W. Evans was made clearer than ever by the way in which he won the

220-Yards Amateur Championship

on Monday, at the Kensington Baths. The previous best over this distance by an amateur had been 2 min. 57½ sec. by T. Jones; but Evans beat this time handsomely, doing 2 min. 50⅗ sec. according to one watch, or 2 min. 51 1-5 sec. according to another. Jones, who is a clubmate of Evans, was third, W. Henry just defeating him, and accomplishing a performance which would have made him champion a few years ago.

The final tie of the

London Water Polo League

was also decided, the holders, Nautilus, beating the Zephyr S.C. by six goals to three.

The

500-Yards Scottish Amateur Championship

was swum on Monday at Glasgow, before a very large attendance. The winner was H. Adam, last year's winner, who has shown good form in London, his time being 7 min. 40 sec.

BANSHEE.

AT TIMES.

OLDER BROTHER (to little Paul, just returned from Sunday-school): "I say, Paul, do you believe all they tell you at Sunday-school?"
LITTLE PAUL: "Ye—es."
OLDER BROTHER: "Do you believe that the whale swallowed Jonah?"
LITTLE PAUL: "Well, I believe it while I'm there; but I don't when I'm home."

The Racing World

After weeks of weather if possible finer than summer, or, at any rate, more enjoyable than the old-fashioned blazing Midsummer,

We Struck Wet for the Opening of Newmarket Second October Meeting.

Naturally all of us who benefited for so long through good times forgot all about these, and began grumbling. But there is a very considerable contingent of racing folk who had *not* benefited by the spell of drought. Newmarket trainers and owners of horses trained at headquarters were absolutely delighted when Tuesday's morn was dull and wet. In sober truth, half the horses at Newmarket were

"Stumped Up,"

as the stable slang goes, by the hard going. Not one in three was what you could call properly trained. As it happened, while this one centre seemed to keep missing its due proportion of rain, other quarters came in for theirs.

Truly, a wet Cesarewitch day is a great misfortune for spectators. A worse, in the eyes of most Englishmen, would be a French win in the race. It was with very doleful anticipations that the majority noted the favourable progress of the French mare, Alicante, who, by the way, is thoroughly

English Bred,

trained, and ridden, though owned by M. Euphrussi, a son-in-law of Baron Rothschild. In one way the Frenchmen's merit as sportsmen—I mean to say the pluck with which they back their representatives—is in our eyes a serious fault. Every now and then they find horses good enough to land one of our big handicaps, and then they put the money down as if they were sure to pick it up again with big profit. The worst of it is that they generally do land their wagers, and march off with many thousands of pounds which never come back into circulation on the British turf. We knew beforehand what would happen if Alicante won. The mob of French folk would shout "Alicante! Alicante! Alicante!" all the while the horses were in sight, then get up a sort of cheer among themselves, kiss each other, rush to the telegraph-office to wire news of the success, and solidly besiege the bookmakers with whom they had ready-money bets. In several cases said bookies would find the calls on their resources more than they could satisfy, because all their wins are on credit, and all payments on this occasion in cash. When Ténébreuse won, the ring was for the moment fairly emptied of ready money, so great was the drain for the foreigners. Payment duly effected, the Gallic winners march off to the refreshment-rooms, and thence, as a rule, march straight off to the railway-station.

Newmarket Racing

has, for the present, no further attractions. They have packed up their parcel, and mean carrying it home right away. In case they were to be disappointed they would clear off just as promptly, merely omitting the embracing, the telegraphing, and the liquoring up.

The promised wet made owners of light-weights a little more confident, because the going could not be too heavy for them.

The Cesarewitch

was, perhaps, more remarkable than are most for the way in which, towards the finish, a number of candidates, which had been hitherto almost neglected, were backed. Fallow Chat was a tremendous order at what might be termed the eleventh hour. Agents were busy putting money on Judith, who had been considered a doubtful starter. The changes were rung between Golden Maze and Vasistas. Lord Fingall came and went. Victoricus, from being a Cambridgeshire fancy, was lifted into the front rank of Cesarewitch candidates. Till near the close, little was heard of the Manton-trained division, long as was the list of gees under old Alec Taylor's care. Of course there must be the inevitable mysterious business. Peacebearer's friends were among the most steady supporters of any horse. There was no flourishing, but they were always confident. The stable money went on early, and not at a very long price; but altogether the division stood to win a good stake. Brackley and Royal Star both joined the front rank.

FOR

ACHES and PAINS. ELLIMAN'S Universal Embrocation.
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ACHES and PAINS. ELLIMAN'S Universal Embrocation.
ACHES and PAINS. ELLIMAN'S Universal Embrocation.

TRAINING.

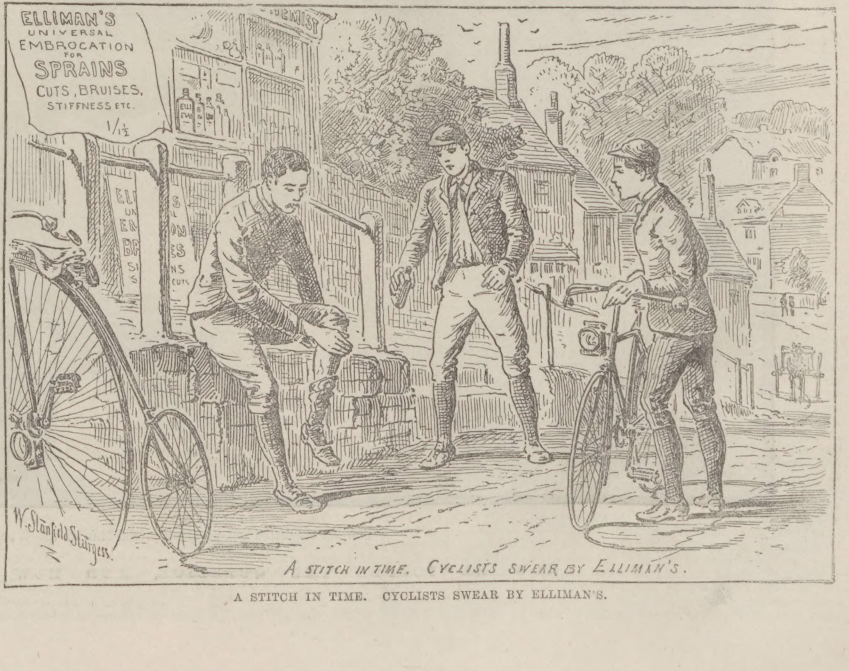
WALTER A. LIDINGTON, Esq., Handicapper and Starter West Kent Harriers, writes :— "March 3, 1890.
"I am desired by the members of the above club to inform you that they have used your Embrocation for a considerable period, and that they think it more beneficial than any other that has been introduced into the club.
"For running and cycling it is invaluable, and we would not be without it under any consideration."

ELLIMAN'S for Rheumatism.
ELLIMAN'S for Lumbago.
ELLIMAN'S for Sprains.
ELLIMAN'S for Cuts.
ELLIMAN'S for Bruises.
ELLIMAN'S for Sore Throat from Cold.
ELLIMAN'S for Chest Colds.
ELLIMAN'S for Stiffness.

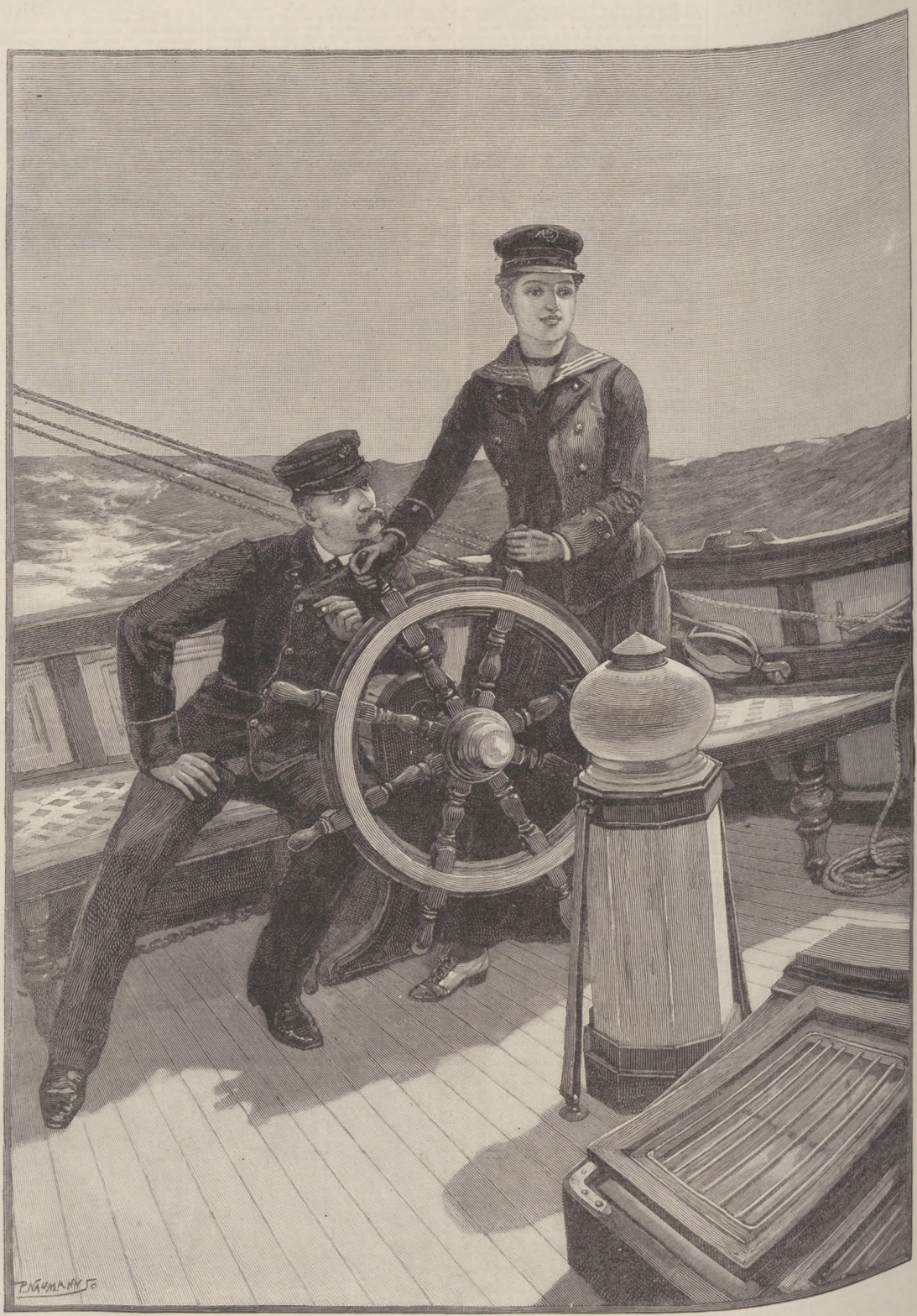
SPRAINS AND STIFFNESS.

HARRY J. BURDEN, Esq., Hon. Sec. Peckham Harriers, writes :— "June 21, 1890.
"I have used your Universal Embrocation for some considerable time, and found it invaluable for sprains and stiffness after long and short distance running. The members of my club have used it, and find it more beneficial than any other introduced, and now they would not do without it."

HUMAN USE.



A STITCH IN TIME. CYCLISTS SWEAR BY ELLIMAN'S.



"You are requested not to speak to the Man at the Wheel."

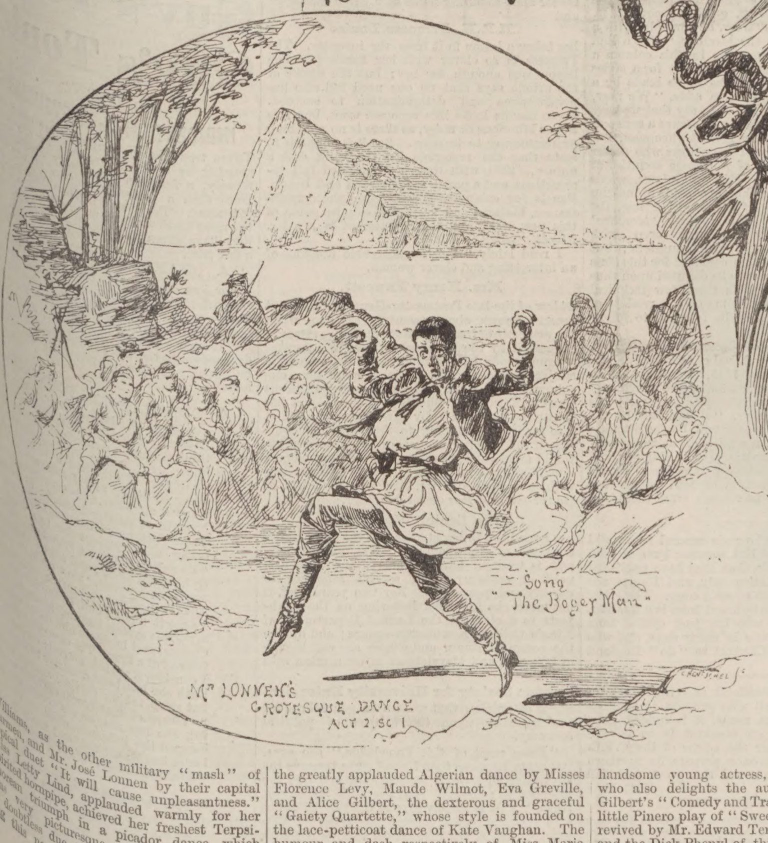
HOW HE POPPED THE QUESTION, AND HOW SHE ANSWERED.

MUSIC & THE DRAMA

"Carmen Up to Data,"

the latest flame emitted by "the Sacred Lamp of Burlesque" at the Gaiety Theatre, should shine as brilliantly and long as did the first popular burlesque-drama by those histrionic high-priests Mr. George R. Sims and Mr. Henry Pettitt. Judging from the amount of laughter and applause I heard on the first night, "Carmen Up to Data" ought certainly to prove fully as triumphant as "Faust Up to Date." In the first place, the music by Herr Meyer Lütz, the skilful and accomplished Conductor and Composer so long associated with Gaiety successes, is charmingly light and melodious. In the next place, the joint authors have embellished the familiar gipsy romance with a wealth of fun and humour and songs that tickle and please the ear immensely. And, in the third place, the acute and adroit lessee of the Gaiety, Mr. George Edwardes, has done right well to cast that fascinating English prima donna, Miss Florence St. John, in the ripe plenitude of her powers, for the part of Carmen, and to engage Mr E. J. Lonnen, Mr. Arthur Williams, Miss Letty Lind, and the famous Gaiety quartette further to strengthen "Carmen Up to Data."

I confess to laughing immoderately at the outrageous puns and abundant fun of the new Gaiety burlesque, which is drawing wonderfully full houses. The points are too numerous to dwell upon. Closely enough do the authors follow the operatic story of the seductive Spanish gipsy Carmen, who, inconstant ever, lures officers and toreadors to their destruction, and laughs at their folly. But the amours of Carmen are accompanied by such a fund of droll "business," comic songs, and quaint dances, the invention of the ingenious Mr. D'Auban, that "Carmen up to Data" is a continuous source of amusement. In short, "Carmen up to Data" is the piece to see if you need an enlivener—and who does not at times? To my mind, Miss Florence St. John, beautifully costumed in each act, never appeared more captivating; never sang more sweetly than she did in the enchanting songs Meyer Lütz has furnished the pretty Devon prima donna with; and, as for her dancing duet with clever and nimble Mr. E. J. Lonnen, what waltzer present did not envy that nimble burlesque humourist his fair partner? Speaking of Mr. Lonnen, his José is one of the best parts he has created, and he deservedly made a great hit in his wonderfully expressive and poetical song and dance of "Hush! the Bogey!" It is in this grotesque dance that a *P.I.P.* Artist portrays Mr. Lonnen, who wholly merited his repeated encores. Similarly hearty recalls were won by Mr. Arthur



Williams, as the other military "mash" of Carmen, and Mr. José Lonnen by their capital topical duet "It will cause unpleasantness." Miss Letty Lind, applauded warmly for her spirited hornpipe, achieved her freshest Terpsichorean triumph in a picador dance, which was very picturesque. Considerable credit is doubtless due to Mr. D'Auban for devising this novel dance, likewise for arranging the greatly applauded Algerian dance by Misses Florence Levy, Maude Wilmot, Eva Greville, and Alice Gilbert, the dexterous and graceful "Gaiety Quartette," whose style is founded on the lace-petticoat dance of Kate Vaughan. The humour and dash respectively of Miss Maria Jones, Miss Jenny Dawson, and Miss Kate Barry; the alluringly costumed choristers; and the radiant scenery combine, with the aforesaid features, to make "Carmen Up to Data" one of the most supremely attractive entertainments in town.

Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree, reappearing at the Haymarket in his remarkably strong impersonation of "A Village Priest," has evoked renewed interest in this powerful drama, and enjoys the advantage of being assisted by that talented and handsome young actress, Miss Julia Neilson, who also delights the audience in Mr. W. S. Gilbert's "Comedy and Tragedy."—The popular little Pinero play of "Sweet Lavender" has been revived by Mr. Edward Terry at Terry's Theatre, and the Dick Phenyl of this admirable comedian tells as well as ever.—Mr. W. S. Penley is sympathetically memoired as the "Celebrity at Home" in this week's *World*, which gives a very pleasant account of his home life at Woking.

The little Royalty Theatre, reopened by Mr. Robert Buchanan on Monday with his clever stage adaptation of Rhoda Broughton's novel "Sweet Nancy," should be full to overflowing for many autumn and winter nights to come. Miss Annie Hughes, in the title-rôle of Sweet Nancy, a charming lass just out of her teens, and married to a middle-aged officer, who loves her devotedly, presents us with the freshest, most natural, and most delightful bit of girlish human nature conceivable. Don't fail to see "Sweet Nancy"—a gem of a play calculated to engross all classes of playgoers, replete with characterisation true to life, and greatly improved in its closing act since it was played at the Lyric. Mr. Yorke Stephens, in lieu of Mr. Henry Neville, enacts well the grizzled General who falls over head and ears in love with Nancy Grey. But it is the sweet, artless, bright, emotional creation of the young girl-wife by Miss Annie Hughes that should draw "All London" to the little Royalty. It is no exaggeration to say that her admirable acting is the very perfection of histrionic art—e.g., of the art that hides art. Words and expressions come spontaneously—not as if learned by rote.

She *is* Nancy. Few prettier stage-pictures have been seen than the one in which Nancy is found seated on a high wall by her fond admirer, Sir Roger Tempest, of whom she speedily makes conquest. How Nancy's love for her devoted husband develops after marriage, and triumphs over jealousy of the pretty grass-widow (Miss Jenny M'Nulty), and how her love and constancy are proof against the insidious addresses of a brother officer of the General are worked out in a series of domestic tableaux, the strong sentiment of which is judiciously relieved by the antics of Nancy's brothers and sister, and by the selfishness of her crossgrained father. I strongly advise all who relish real dramatic art to hasten to see Miss Annie Hughes in what is undoubtedly her greatest stage triumph—her creation of bright and ingenuous "Sweet Nancy," who has so noble a sister Barbara in Miss Harriet Jay. Well done indeed, Miss Hughes!

Every friend of Miss Wallis—and this esteemed gentlewoman and accomplished actress with the charmingly sweet voice has hosts of friends—will join me in cordially wishing her success in her new venture at the Shaftesbury—Mr. Robert Buchanan's "Sixth Commandment," very powerfully cast, but produced too late for notice this week. This new romantic play, and the new Audran-Burnand comic opera of "La Cigale," at the Lyric, shall be reviewed next week.

Mrs. Langtry (who looked in the best of health, I was pleased to note, when I caught sight of her riding in Piccadilly the other day) must be a plucky woman to determine to essay "Cleopatra" at the Princess's. But courage sometimes commands success. May it do so on this occasion!

A young lady who has been for some years of the greatest service to Mr. Sheriff Augustus Harris, both at Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden Theatres—I refer to his clever and courteous amanuensis, Miss Alice Joseph—has accepted a very advantageous offer to act as secretary to Mr. Daniel Mayer, the well-known musical agent of New Bond-street, who recently arranged the twelve special performances in Russia for Madame Patti. I feel sure Miss Joseph's extensive knowledge of operatic and other artists will qualify her to fill with credit her new position.

"The English Rose" has proved the most successful romantic drama Messrs. A. and S. Gatti have yet produced at the bright and renovated Adelphi. The rich flow of sentiment and humour, of natural sensation and tragic interest forthcoming from the sympathetic pair of authors, Messrs. George R. Sims and Robert Buchanan, nightly carries away a large and delighted audience; and the engrossing Irish piece is so admirably enacted by Miss Mary Rorke and Miss Olga Brandon, Miss Clara Jecks and Miss Kate James, Mr. Leonard Boyne and Mr. Beveridge, Mr. J. L. Shine and Mr. Lionel Rignold, Mr. James East, Mr. Abingdon, and Mr. Charles Dalton, that it goes from first to last with unsurpassed gusto, entertaining pit and gallery, boxes and stalls alike. In short, "The English Rose," so powerful in its situations and so beautifully picturesque in its tableaux, is a masterpiece of its kind.

Mr. Wilson Barrett, appearing with Miss Eastlake in "Claudian" at the Shakspere Theatre, received a deservedly enthusiastic greeting on his first appearance in Liverpool since his return from America. At the Birmingham Theatre Royal Mr. Wilson Barrett recently produced with success an effective new drama of Australian and English life, entitled "What Women will Do," in which this enterprising and clever actor-manager played the part of the villain (Raynham) for a change, while Miss Eastlake was the Ruth Mervyn of the piece, the authors of which are MM. Jerome K. Jerome and Addison Bright.

Melodrama is such a favourite dish with the public that playgoers may well be pleased when the New Olympic is added to the temples of melodrama in the centre of London. The sooner the New Olympic is opened the better for the majority of London theatre-goers. Miss Winifred Emery, who will probably help Mr. Wilson Barrett to win fresh dramatic triumphs at the New Olympic, may claim to have hereditary connection with the Wych-street theatre. Her father, that excellent actor the late Samuel Emery, was long a great favourite of the Old Olympic, under the artistic régime of the late Alfred Wigan. Mr. Barrett and Miss Emery will have the pleasure of appearing together this autumn in an exceedingly handsome and spacious playhouse, the New Olympic having been built by Mr. Charles Wilmot with due consideration for the public comfort. Messrs. Crewe and Sprague, of Arundel-street, are the architects. The interior will be very beautiful and bright, Messrs. Oetzmann, the upholsterers, having hit upon a fine scheme of colour—richly radiant Rose-du-Barry silk plush draperies and curtain. THESPIS.

The Princess of Wales is limned to the life in an exceedingly graceful new photograph taken by Messrs. W. and D. Downey, and included in Cassell and Co.'s excellent shilling "Cabinet Portrait Gallery," the new monthly Number of which also contains similarly good portraits by Downey of Sir Henry Hawkins and Father Ignatius.

Some of the Best Printing Firms in London are warm in praise of "Dalziel's Patent Twin-Clamp Stereo-Blocks," which add materially to the convenience of our modern Caxtons. They form a decided improvement, effect a considerable saving of time and expense, and reflect much credit on the ingenious inventor, Mr. Harvey Dalziel.

Liver Complaints.—Dr. King's Dandelion and Quinine Liver Pills, without Mercury, remove Liver Complaints, Biliousness, Headache, Indigestion, Constipation.—[Advt.]

CYCLE & CAMERA

To-day (Saturday) is

Cyclists' Day at the Military Exhibition,

and the drill competitions and buglers' race should not be missed by those who are interested in military cycling. There will probably be a good attendance, though the South London Meet, which has been fixed for this afternoon at 4.30, will prove a rival attraction.

It is, indeed, a sign that the cycle is growing in favour when one finds it serving to make a simile in the "Arts and Crafts Society's Catalogue!" That Society opened its third exhibition in the New Gallery last Monday, and this is the ingenious first paragraph in the Introductory Notes it publishes in its "Catalogue" (it is too ingenuous not to be quoted): "The art of furnishing runs on two wheels—the room and the furniture. In this it may be likened to a bicycle, as also in the vicissitudes which attend its development. There are times when one wheel exhibits inordinate dimensions at the expense of its fellow, and we must admit that great feats have been performed with these high-backed machines. But the true 'Safety' runs equably on wheels of moderate and similar diameters. And so for furnishing—there must be the room for the furniture, as much as the furniture for the room."

This is a pleasant tribute, after the contemptuous abuse lavished upon the cycle by Mr. Ruskin. By the way, certain members of the society have shown their approval of the wheel still more practically. The president, Mr. Walter Crane, rides a tricycle; while the secretary, Mr. Ernest Radford, is often to be seen on the "Safety that runs equably."

But, unless cyclists are careful, not the patronage of artists and craftsmen, or still more influential societies, will be able to break down the strong objection to the sport which threatens to become stronger with the non-cycling public. The accidents which occurred during the summer, and the late eighteen-miles-an-hour controversy in the *Evening Standard*, have made the old, deeply rooted prejudice spring up again with renewed vigour; and the chances are that, in '91, the cyclist will find himself hampered by restrictions compared to which the license laws ruling the Parisian rider will seem but trifling. There is no doubt that road-racing has had much to do in fostering this prejudice, and, if the present public disfavour could only result in the abolishing of all road-racing, rational cyclists would have much to be thankful for.

Mr. Shipton, after losing his temper sadly when writing about the *Penny Illustrated* in the September *C.T.C. Gazette*, quickly recovered it. For, in the October number, he amiably gives a short editorial, with the heading "Not a Bad Idea," to a suggestion made in this column a few weeks ago. He quotes my hints for a series of instantaneous photographs to be made by a cycling Muybridge, and then adds, "We may, for the satisfaction of the *P.I.*, say that we have long had it in contemplation to secure a series of 'snap shots,' not of the perfect wheelman, but of the round-shouldered scarecrows who career down the main arteries of the home counties at each week-end. . . . With fast plates, a lens working at f. 6, and a shutter capable of making exposures of 1-300th of a second, or less, the habitual attitude of the typical 'scorcher' might be faithfully rendered, even with the apparatus at fairly close quarters; but a strongly actinic light is essential for this class of work, and this is not to be counted upon thus late in the year." With these few technical hints from Mr. Shipton, some of the readers of the *Penny Illustrated* may be tempted to follow his example.

There has been a good deal of talk lately about a patent, registered in 1845, and supposed to have anticipated the pneumatic tyre which only this summer has revolutionised cycling. As Rotans in the *Star* says, "should this be the case, while every sympathy will be forthcoming for the shareholders, the fillip given to the production of the pneumatic tyre in England will be enormous." Intending purchasers of the air tyre for the riding season of 1891 cannot but wait anxiously to see how much truth there is in this report.

The Australians who rode around the world and were in England last summer have written the story of their ride, but they have published it for private circulation only, and I have not been fortunate enough to see a copy. The latest enterprising tourist to be heard from is a Russian, Lieutenant Martos, who has just cycled from St. Petersburg to Paris in thirty days, and who is coming across the Channel to "do" England awheel.

For cyclists in Scotland and the north of England, and for all who propose to tour on Scotch and northern roads, it is indeed good news to hear that an assistant is to be engaged to work under the editor of the C.T.C. Road Book, and at once prepare its northern sections. It is to be hoped this good work will not end here. N. C. U.

To Overcome Weakness.—Pepper's Quinine and Iron Tonic gives new life, health, strength, and energy. In 2s. 6d. Bottles. Everywhere. Insist on having Pepper's.—[Advt.]

Lost Vitality Restored.—The Mexican Life Pills, 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d. per box. Guaranteed to cure all nervous diseases.—Haynes and Co., Wednesbury.—[Advt.]

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

Florence Nightingale,

who is now a very old lady, takes the greatest interest in rescue work of all kinds; and a letter lately published by her calls attention to the great importance of the work already done by what is known as the

"First Offenders Act."

It is certainly a step in the right direction that small boys are not now put into jail for a first and, perhaps, very trivial offence. Quite recently a child of six was put into the dock charged with—what do you think? You would never guess. With having pinched a baby! There is a

Society in Manchester

in good working order which gets hold of lads convicted for the first time and tries to keep them from falling again. Miss Nightingale thinks this is the only society of the kind in England; but I understand that Mr. Wheatley, and others in London, are doing work of a similar kind. [Yes: Mr. Wheatley, Mr. George Hatton, Mr. John Diprose, and many other benevolent Londoners are banded together to reclaim released convicts, and have done a world of good.—Ed.] When a lad comes out of prison after his first offence he is in the

Greatest Possible Danger,

and the chances are ten to one that he will promptly commit a second and a much more serious crime, if he is not looked after. It is the same with our girls who have gone astray. A friendly hand held out at the right moment may do wonders for them. Very many of them cannot move a step without

The Friendly Hand.

The very moment it is taken away, down they go again. These are the women whom Lady Frederick Cavendish calls "moral imbeciles." They require to be kept up with props outside, just as shaky houses do. I wish our propping system had been begun some two or three hundred years ago. There would be many more able

To Stand Alone

now if it had.

I have just been reading in one of the October magazines about

A New Occupation for Women.

I am not quite sure that it is needed, but I may be wrong. And there is a great deal to be said in favour of change of occupation. It is certainly the next best thing to recreation, and the next best to recreation is absolute idleness for a while. But idleness is only for the really overworked, remember. A great many women would be much better both in mind and body if they had more to do. The new occupation is called by the rather high-sounding name of "Bossa Fascilis," and

H.R.H. Princess Louise

has taken a lesson in it from the inventor. The Princess is so clever with her hands that one lesson was enough for her; but the writer of the article says that no one need fail who has perseverance and determination to succeed. Bossa fascilis looks like repoussé work, but it is not so laborious or noisy, as there is no punching or hammering to be done. But it is only fair to state that the materials for the work cost a guinea. Still, with them are included full instructions and a panel ready traced and begun. Panels for cabinets, book-covers, photograph-frames, blotters, and such like can be made of this new work, and the inventor of it is a Mr. Elliott.

I read lately rather an agreeable account of an interesting and clever woman,

Mrs. Henry Fawcett,

widow of the late Postmaster-General. She first became known about twenty years ago, when the principle of free education was being strongly advocated by the Birmingham League. Among the numerous letters which appeared upon the subject was one which occupied more than one column of the *Times*, and was signed "Millicent Garrett Fawcett." She is of opinion—and her illustrious husband fully agreed with her—that, "so far from conducing to the permanent welfare of the working classes, gratuitous education would make the lives of working men and women much harder than they are." Mrs. Fawcett lives with an unmarried sister, Miss Agnes Garrett, in Gower-street. Her clever daughter,

The Senior Wrangler,

has gone back to her studies and the scene of her triumphs at Newnham; and Mrs. Fawcett herself is working hard at her favourite science, political economy, with special reference to poverty and pauperism. For two years past, if not more, she has been lecturing on these subjects to a class in the Ladies' Department of King's College, Kensington-square; and during the coming autumn and winter she will lecture at Islington and Marylebone in connection with the

London Society for University Extension.

She is of opinion that women in general are far too ignorant upon the subject of political economy.

"From want of this knowledge," she says, "it often happens that liberal gifts towards the alleviation of poverty intensify the evil they are intended to relieve." And she adds, with great truth, "This is largely seen in the case of ladies who visit and work among the poor." Mrs. Fawcett made her first appearance as a public speaker in 1868 at a meeting of the now defunct Social Science Congress at Birmingham. Commenting upon the fact, the *Times* remarked that

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4/6 EACH. GUARANTEED GENUINE BARGAINS. 4/6 EACH.
UNPARALLELED OFFER.
The Largest ever Sold at the Price.

THE BRITISH CARPET-WEAVING CO., being the Pioneers of Cheap Carpets, have decided to make this unprecedented offer to the public, and will forward Direct From Their Looms, to any address, on receipt of Postal Order for 4s. 6d., or 56 stamps, one of their Genuine, Woven, Seamless, Reversible Triumph Carpets, with handsome border, and woven in thirty different Art Patterns, suitable for Dining-room, Drawing-room, Bedroom, &c., and Large Enough To Cover any ordinary-sized room, which are being sold actually below the cost of production, as an advertisement for the goods of the B. C. W. Co. These Carpets are made of a material equal to wool, and being a specialty of our own, they can only be obtained Direct From Our Looms, thus saving the purchaser any Middle Profits.
Send for sample, and, if not satisfied, Money will be Returned in Full.
All Orders are executed same day as received.
A Beautiful-Woven RUG, to match Carpet, sent for 1s. 6d. extra.
SPECIAL OFFER. TWO CARPETS AND TWO RUGS for 10s.
This Extraordinary Offer may not be repeated.
Thousands of Unsolicited Testimonials.
The words "Union Bank," should be written across all Postal Orders, and made payable to J. Hargreaves, at G.P.O.
Address—
THE BRITISH CARPET-WEAVING CO.,
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FOR
INDIGESTION & NERVOUSNESS.

These troublesome complaints are cured more speedily by Guy's Tonic than by any known remedy, a few doses invariably accomplishing more than a prolonged course of any other treatment. Despairing invalids suffering from the most obstinate form must not lose hope until they have given this excellent vegetable Tonic a fair trial.

"A CHARMING PRESCRIPTION."

For loss of appetite, pain after eating, and sluggish liver, Guy's Tonic is superior and preferable to all other preparations. For restoring nervous and debilitated constitutions, for curing brain-weariness, nerve-waste, languor, remorse, despondency, the most implicit confidence can be placed in this simple, safe, and efficient remedy.

A DISBELIEVER CONVINCED.

"May 10, 1890.—Dear Sir,—After doubting the efficacy of Guy's Tonic, I think it only in common fairness to let you know what it has done for myself and daughter. I inherited a weak digestion and sluggish liver, and feeble nerves. The worries, anxieties, and overwork of business brought on an attack similar to apoplexy. I consulted an eminent physician, and was under his treatment for two years, but obtained no relief. A friend suggested my trying your Tonic, and after discussing its merits and saying, 'How could it succeed when such an eminent authority had failed?' I gave it a trial, and sufficed to say that my whole system has undergone a complete change, and business now seems a pleasure instead of a bore. The case of my daughter I consider a perfect marvel; ever since her birth she has been a martyr to bronchitis, but since taking Guy's Tonic she has had no return of it, and, what is more wonderful, she has not had a cold, and even escaped the influenza, although all in the house had it, my wife and son very badly.
"Yours sincerely, H. J. BRACHER."

Guy's Tonic is sold by all Chemists, at 2s. 9d. per bottle. If you cannot obtain it promptly, send the amount (2s. 9d.) to Guy's Tonic Co., Ludgate-circus, London, and it will be sent by return, post paid. Insist upon having Guy's Tonic. No substitute whatever should be accepted.

MRS. HENRY FAWCETT.

MISS FLORENCE HOLLAND, B.A.

…remarkable propriety." At … a most unusual thing for a … to speak in public; but their power of … with remarkable propriety" would … now be remarked upon by anyone. Mrs. … has always taken a leading part in the … movement for the

Higher Education of Women.

… of the meetings in connection with the … of Newnham College, of which she is a … member of the council, was held in her drawing-… Soon after her daughter's success at … Cambridge this year, she and the young Senior … Wrangler went together to Ober-Ammergau to … the Passion Play, returning from their inter-… excursion in time to be present at the … opening of a

Public Park at Lambeth

… the Prince and Princess of Wales. It does … not generally known that Mrs. … is the author of one work of fiction,

"Janet Doncaster,"

… very much talked about when it came … out. It would be even more talked about … now; for it has to do with the … case of a wife to a drunken husband—a … very often discussed in connection with … marriage laws of this country.

Miss Florence Holland, B.A.

… I am pleased to give a portrait in the … person of Mrs. Henry Fawcett), is to … be added to the list of accomplished young … Cambridge gentlewomen who, like Miss Fawcett … and Miss Blanche Hewett (the latter now … Mistress of an excellent Girls' College … at Walthamstow), have by assiduous study … and application won the highest educational … distinctions. There never were such times for good … and extensive education for girls. In London … especially, it cannot be too forcibly brought home … to poor women beginning to earn their bread … by employment during the day that every quarter … of London almost boasts admirable and cheap … evening colleges for education of an evening, after … the day's work hours. I refer to such invaluable insti-… tutions as the Polytechnic in Regent-street, and the … Working Men's branches of the Young Women's Christian … Association, the Birkbeck Institute, Exeter Hall … Working Classes, and the People's Palace in the … Mile End road, which enjoys the august patronage … of the Queen and the Prince and Princess of …

… In return to Miss Florence Holland, I am sure … my readers will cordially unite with me in … congratulating this nice-looking young lady … on the rare distinction she won in the recent … examinations of

The Calcutta University,

… unaided efforts gaining a "double … Latin and English, and coming out … in a list of 435 successful candidates. Had … she been able to command such teaching as the … girls at Newnham and Girton enjoy at Cam-… bridge, and those of Somerville Hall at Oxford, … doubtless she would have been at the head of the … list. Miss Holland—she has a sweet … face, has she not?—was recommended … for a Government scholarship of £200 a year, … and for three years, the possession of which … would have enabled her to carry on her studies … further in England; but she was, unfortun-… ately, a little over the prescribed age, and the … scholarship has been awarded to a male student … of inferior attainments.

… young lady was educated at The Priory, … Bedford, from which school she matriculated … in 1885, passing in the first division, and gaining … the Beaufoy Scholarship. Her studies were interrupted for … some years by bad health, but she eventually … passed the

Girls' High School, Allahabad;

… in 1888 she gained the Duff Scholarship for … the only woman who has ever … gained that distinction, also a local scholar-… ship of £20 a year. In 1889 she accom-… panied Lady Superintendent of the Girls' High School, Allahabad, to the Darjeeling Girls' School, and it was while she was a boarder in the latter school that she won her latest and greatest success. Well done, Miss Florence Holland!

It is October now,

and I suppose, sunny though it is as I write, we may soon begin to think about cold weather and warm clothes. I have already seen very pretty and elegant-looking cloaks in some of the windows. I fancy the rather dowdy-looking, straight-fronted, or Russian cloak, as it is called, will disappear in favour of a smarter style. I do not think a shape that altogether hides the arms is becoming to every figure. Those I saw had

Very Pretty and Well-cut Capes;

and down each side of the front of the cloak there was very pretty fussy trimming, like feathers, but made, I think, of ravelled silk the colour of the cloth.

Bonnets

are still quite absurdly small; at least, some women wear what looks like a bird, bow, or butterfly sticking up at the back, and strings. I am told, but I hope it is not true, that real butterflies are being used on hats and bonnets. I cannot think how women can be

So Thoughtless as to Wear Birds and Insects

upon their heads. I might say stupid instead of thoughtless! Just imagine how some women would scream if a live insect or bird settled down upon their heads! Just in the same way in some drawing-rooms we see

Artificial Spiders

and their webs upon hand-screens, and artificial prawns or frogs sprawling upon photograph-frames and the drapery of little wall-brackets; but if a real spider were to be seen running about on the carpet, or anywhere near the mistress of the drawing-room, or her girls, what a commotion there would be! And yet the live insect is not half as ugly as the made-up one. But the sham one cannot run.

Sleeves of a Different Colour

and material to the rest of the dress are still very much in vogue. Some of the combinations worn during the summer were by no means pretty, and I could not admire white frocks with green, pink, or blue sleeves. I believe it is possible to buy ready-made sleeves in some of the shops. I am told that

Dark Blue and Brown will again be Fashionable

this winter. Nothing could be prettier, or more suitable to our climate. The Princess of Wales is said to favour brown hues, so appropriate in autumn.

A Charming Wedding,

according to the *Lady's Pictorial*, was that of Lady Helen Duncombe, second daughter of the Earl and Countess of Feversham, and Sir Edgar Vincent, brother of Colonel Howard Vincent, M.P. It took place at the Church of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, and was remarkable for the beauty of the bewitching bride's dress and for the tastefulness of the brides-maids' costumes. Lady Helen Duncombe's bridal dress was of pure white satin, the bodice being made with high full sleeves, finished with frills of fine point de Gaze lace, with which the front was trimmed. A girdle of rings of silver sequins passed twice round the waist and fell in long ends on the skirt. The train, suspended from the shoulders by ropes of white silk and silver, was of rich white silk, brocaded with large white lilies of St. Joseph outlined in raised embroidery, the stems wrought in pale-green silk, and the stamens in yellow. The veil was of point lace, and the ornaments were a diamond necklet and star. Enchanting also looked the fair bridesmaids in cream-coloured bengaline dresses made with yokes and sleeves of lettuce-green velvet, and in frilled capes of cream-coloured chiffon and sashes of lettuce-green silk. How charming was the sweet bride's "going-away" dress! It consisted of a polonaise of dove-grey cloth, hemmed with turquoise-blue and gold passementerie, the bodice gathered into a deep neck-piece of turquoise-blue cloth, and the full high sleeves were composed of the same material. The cloak was of Henri Quatre shape, of dove-grey cloth, lined with turquoise-blue, and the black hat, of the same period, was trimmed with black ostrich feathers, and had a turquoise-blue cloth bow under the brim, and narrow strings of black velvet.

THE *Medical Annual* advises Practitioners to remember that when recommending Cocoa as a food and beverage for invalids, the name CADBURY on any packet of Cocoa is a guarantee of purity.—[ADVT.]

A Lordly Pleasure House,

in which, I fancy, to the good taste of the gracious gentlewomen of the family is due the bright home comfort of the new palace (for it is nothing less than a palace), has been completed by Colonel John T. North, at Avery Hill, Eltham. Colonel North's palace is at once the grandest and most comfortable residence it has been my good fortune to see; and the genial and hospitable Colonel is lucky to be assisted by two such admirable hostesses as Mrs. North and her charming daughter. The beauty of the spacious marble Picture Gallery and Ball Room; the elegance of the Crystal Palace of a Winter Garden, the exquisite taste of the Sculpture Gallery and Billiard Room, and Turkish Bath, one and all lit by electricity, cannot be described in mere words. In fine, it is a palatial abode worthy the bountiful and merry Yorkshire host, Colonel North, and his happy united family.

Have you ever heard of

A Tea Pudding?

Here is a receipt for one. To a pint of milk add a cup of tea, cold and strong; sweeten to taste with white sugar. Add the yolks of four eggs, and, having well mixed these ingredients, add three eggs more, yolks and whites well beaten together. Then add enough flour to make a smooth batter. Pour it into a buttered mould and boil slowly.

"Wylwyrwell" Cloth Dresses,

cheap and durable, and in new colours for autumn and winter, are growing in favour. They are manufactured especially for Messrs. Lutas, Leathley, and Co., Dress Warehouse, Armley, near Leeds. A glance at the patterns is sufficient to recommend the "Wylwyrwell" dresses to most women, and a sight of the cloth in piece clinches the bargain.

MARGUERITE.

A CHARMING BRIDE'S "GOING AWAY" DRESS.

THE POTATO BLIGHT IN IRELAND.

BY A *P.I.P.* SPECIAL ARTIST.

That the distress in the West of Ireland has developed into a famine is now, unfortunately, no longer to be doubted. It is the old story of 1847, of 1879, and of 1886, the failure of the potato crop repeated over again, in all its horrible details, as foreshadowed by Miss Norma Borthwick in the *Penny Illustrated Paper* of Sept. 13.

THE REV. FATHER O'CONNOR, PARISH PRIEST OF ACHILL ISLAND.

The Present Famine

will certainly be the worst since "black '47." The West of Ireland has, within the past six weeks, been travelled by Special Correspondents representing newspapers of every shade of opinion, and they all unite in declaring the potato crop a complete failure, and the outlook as gloomy in the extreme. Urgent appeals are being made for Government aid, to alleviate the sufferings of the unfortunate people. I use the word "alleviate" advisedly, as to lessen the horrors of the situation is about all that human agency can do. It is now too late to ward off the calamity.

The Sketches

which I send you were made chiefly on the island of Achill, one of the poorest and most miserable districts in the West. The islanders are already suffering the pinch of hunger, aggravated by the appearance of the dreaded "famine fever," which in 1847 claimed so many victims.

The Rev. Father O'Connor,

the parish priest, is, however, making heroic efforts on behalf of his poor parishioners. This clergyman figured prominently during the famines of 1879 and 1886. To journey from the Arran Islands, off the Galway coast, proceeding northward, visiting the islands along the coast until I reached the

Large Island of Achill,

lying adjacent to Mayo, occupied me some ten or twelve days, during which time I was an eyewitness of scenes of misery and degradation impossible for either pen or pencil to depict with anything like realism. Latest cablegrams from America announce the formation of "Relief Committees," and it is more than probable that a fund will be immediately opened in Dublin. The Sketches need no description from me, as they tell their own story.

THE P.I.P. SPECIAL ARTIST IN TROUBLE: HIS CAR COMES TO GRIEF ON THE ROAD TO ACHILL: NO ALTERNATIVE BUT A TRAMP OF TEN MILES IN THE RAIN OVER BAD ROADS.

"FAMINE FEVER FOLLOWS IN THE WAKE OF THE BLIGHT."
A SKETCH IN ACHILL ISLAND.

LEGAL COLUMN.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. W.—You must pay the executor or administrator.

Aggrieved Ratepayer.—We are afraid you have no remedy, except to protest personally against the alleged irregularities, and bring the matter prominently before the burgesses at the next election. The remedy is in their hands.

Edith A. T.—Your landlord can sue you in the County Court for the amount you owe him, and would have to get judgment before he could enforce payment. But he can at once distrain upon your goods for any rent due at date of distraint.

W. E. Bennett.—Unless there were an arrangement with the man from whom you bought the business that he should have a lien on the bakehouse utensils for the £20 balance of purchase-money, he cannot now claim the goods from the person to whom you sold, provided, of course, that the sale to the latter was a bonâ-fide transaction. It seems an ordinary sale to you, with credit given for £20.

Petition.—The Truck Acts do not apply in your case, and your late employers are entitled to set off the costs of the action against the amount due to you for wages.

Needy asks whether a licensed victualler, whose house is supposed to be closed at ten o'clock and who has a billiard license which states that billiards can be played till one in the morning, can allow billiards to be played on his licensed premises up to that hour, provided he does not serve his customers with intoxicants. It would probably be held by the licensing justices to be an infringement of the Licensing Acts to keep the billiard-room or any other part of licensed premises open after the proper hour for closing the public-house, and the landlord would then be liable to a fine and the license imperilled. Of course, this rule does not apply to billiard-rooms which are not upon premises licensed for the sale of intoxicants.

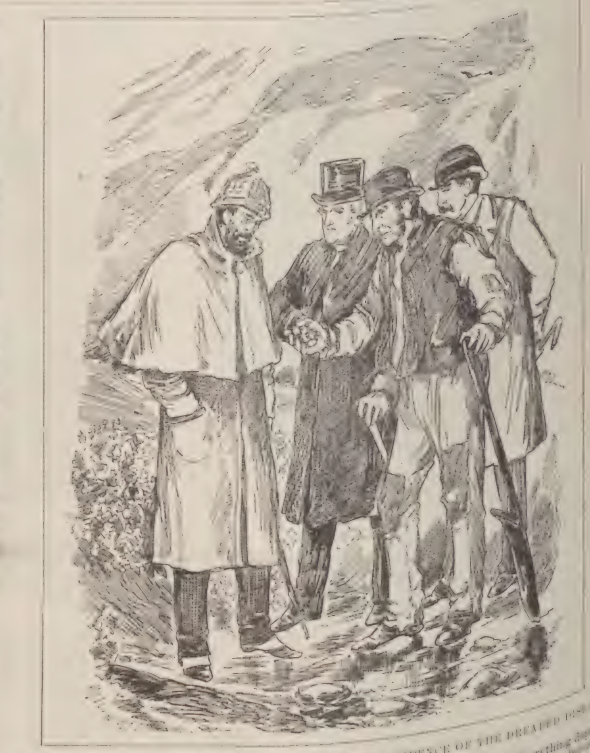
J. S.—As we have often said before, it is impossible to give definite advice as to documents which we have not seen. If the wife be the only person interested under the settlement, and it gives her power, in default of issue, to dispose of the property during her life, she may do so. Perhaps there is a clause of revocation. Everything depends upon the wording of the deed, which is not familiar to us. This is the sort of case for a solicitor rather than our columns.

A Very Old Subscriber.—The fact of your daughter being a lunatic of course does not affect your liability to maintain her. The Justices would make an order for you to contribute to her support at the asylum, according to your means.

Sol.—Unless the plaintiff can satisfy the Judge that you have had the means to pay since the date of the original order, he cannot send you to prison. Ask for a reduction of the order to an amount which you can pay.

Swindled.—We are afraid that the only way for you to recover your money would be to sue the seller in the County Court.

L. L. N.



PAT GIVES THE ENGLISH VISITOR AN UNMISTAKABLE EVIDENCE OF THE DREADED POTATO

AN ALMOST HOPELESS TASK: A COLLEEN'S SEARCH FOR BREAKFAST ON CLARE ISLAND, CLEAR BAY.
POTATO BLIGHT IN IRELAND.

THE QUEEN'S LION CUB.

Visitors to the Zoological Society's Gardens which have been really charming for the past month may see the latest gift to her Majesty from an African potentate among the animals under the care of Mr. Bartlett. The subject of the interesting collection. This splendid specimen sent by the Sultan of Sokoto, which arrived at Liverpool by the African Mail steamer Manchester Mr. Bartlett travelled from Liverpool to receive the gift, which came through the Royal Niger Company, between whom and the Sultan very friendly feeling exists.

The cub is very tame, and during the voyage was allowed considerable liberty, and was a great pet of the passengers and crew. Sokoto, or Mohammadu Bello, is one of the most important Upper Niger, in Western Africa, and has been reserved to the sphere of British influence by the recent Convention with France.

LION CUB PRESENTED TO HER MAJESTY BY THE SULTAN OF SOKOTO.

FAREWELL TO THE SEASIDE SEASON: "THE EVE OF PARTING," BY W. RAINEY.

GARDENING FOR OCTOBER.

BY OUR OWN GARDENER.

The summer is now over, autumn already here, and winter fast approaching. The season has been on the whole a very disappointing one, and a fine warm and dry autumn is much to be desired in all departments, in order to ripen and mature the unusually luxuriant growth, and ensure a due supply of flowers and fruit next season. The beauty of our

Flower Beds

is sadly on the wane now, and a frosty night or two, which may occur at any time, will blacken and spoil our lately brilliant masses of geraniums, verbenas, lobelias, &c.; so that anything of this kind that it may be desired to preserve should be taken up, potted, and removed to the greenhouse at once. Only a slight touch of frost cripples the vigour of even the comparatively robust geranium sadly, and, as the old stumps are often most useful for many purposes another season, they should be secured in good time. But a

Well-arranged Garden

will be bright and attractive still and for some time to come, with fairly good weather, with such fine autumn flowers as the beautiful tritomas or torch lilies—commonly known as red-hot pokers—Japanese anemones, both white and red, tall or herbaceous lobelias (L. cardinalis varieties), Michaelmas daisies of many kinds, early-flowering chrysanthemums, the beautiful Pyrethrum uliginosum, veronicas, late asters, zinnias, marigolds, and many more.

Roses

are also flowering abundantly for the second time this season, as they almost always do whenever a robust and vigorous growth is formed, after the first burst of blossom in June and July. Some roses, however, bloom much more freely in the autumn than others, and a selection of those that do so ought always to be planted. Some of the most beautiful now are the grand old Gloire de Dijon, which about here is at the present time as heavily laden with exquisite blossoms as in the early summer, the rosy-tinted Homère, Madame Falcot (apricot), Souvenir d'un Ami (rosy salmon), and Grace Darling, of the tea-scented section; and Beauty of Waltham, A. K. Williams, Silver Queen, Mrs. J. Laing—undoubtedly the finest pink or rose-coloured rose we have—Mabel Morrison, Duke of Albany, and others among the hybrid perpetuals. The

Bourbon and China

varieties are also excellent for this purpose. To encourage the production of flowers in autumn, the strong growths should be cut back to about a third of their length towards the end of August, and the plants be kept moist and well nourished. Cuttings of roses may be inserted this month in a sheltered border, with a little sand at the base, and will seldom fail to make roots if the wood is in the right condition. Make the soil very firm about them.

Spring-flowering Bulbs,

such as hyacinths, tulips, crocuses, and many more, ought to be planted this month. They are often left until November, or even later, but this is a grand mistake, and those who want to see them at their best should get every one under the ground by the end of the month, and if before that so much the better. Daffodils and narcissi of all kinds ought, indeed, to be planted immediately, and the same might be said of snowdrops, crocuses, scillas, and the pretty little winter aconite. The sooner, therefore, the beds can be cleared, prepared, and planted with the brown-coated germs of future beauty, the better.

Preparations for planting ornamental

Trees and Shrubs,

both evergreen and deciduous, should be made at once, and the actual work may be commenced at any time after the middle of the month. Much manure is, as a rule, not required, except in the case of roses, but the ground ought always to be well drained and deeply worked beforehand. This is also the best month in the year for planting out carnations, pinks, pansies, and, indeed, all kinds of

Hardy Perennials,

for, except where the ground is very heavy or damp, they invariably succeed much better thus than if left until the spring.

The propagation of bedding plants of all descriptions should have been concluded by this time, and the whole of the young stock must be hardened as much as possible before the winter sets in. Cuttings of shrubby calceolarias may, however, be got in from the middle to the end of the month with the best results. House chrysanthemums in pots, also anything of a tender nature, but dahlias and begonias may be left until cut off by frost, and the tubers then lifted. Sow hardy annuals to stand the winter at once.

Fruit Garden.

October is decidedly the best month for planting apples, pears, plums, and, indeed, fruit-trees of all kinds, as well as what are known as the "bush-fruits"—that is, gooseberries, currants, &c. Such work is generally left till November or later, but if accomplished this month the warmth still remaining in the ground promotes the formation of fresh roots immediately, and the trees become well established before winter, while they may be headed back next February or March as safely as if they had been planted a year. Get, then, the ground ready, and order or select your trees at once, and begin planting, if possible, by the middle of the month. If, however, the trees have to be obtained from a distance, better leave it until the early part of November, when the leaves have all fallen. The ground should be well drained and trenched, and, if anything is needed to lighten it, use leaf mould, old lime or mortar-rubbish, burnt earth, &c.; but not much manure, and none at all in contact with the roots.

Strawberries

also may still be planted, and, if strong runners that have been layered into small pots can be had, a moderate crop of fruit may be looked for next summer, but I always prefer to plant earlier than this—in May or June, if possible.

Vegetable Garden.

The work of the season in this department is, for the most part, over now, but no effort should be spared to get the ground thoroughly cleared of all exhausted crops, weeds, and rubbish generally, not only for appearance' sake, but so as to admit a full measure of air and sunshine to the remaining crops, and thus render their growth firm and sturdy, and able to stand the brunt of winter when it comes. All dead or useless leaves should also be removed from among cabbages, Brussels sprouts, broccoli, and others of this class. The best way of disposing of all rubbish is to burn it on the ground, and afterwards dig the ashes, &c., in.

Trenching

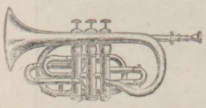
may be commenced in the case of any vacant plots at any time now, and where the soil is heavy or out of condition the sooner the better.

Tomatoes,

in the open, have done very badly this year, even where protected by walls, &c. On the first indications of frost all the fruit should be gathered and brought indoors, where the larger ones will ripen shortly in the kitchen or a warm window, and the small green ones may be made into capital pickles. Plants under glass will now need fire heat to keep the fruit setting, swelling, and ripening, and the supply of water must be reduced considerably. B. C. R.

A CONSCIENTIOUS AMERICAN.

Cottager: "I ordered two dozen eggs, Mr. Crackers, and paid for them, but you only sent twenty."
Mr. Crackers: "Wa-al, you see, four of 'em was bad; an' I knewed you wouldn't keer fer 'em."



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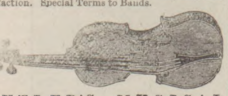

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411. Song that reached my heart.
421. Dutch Clockman. (A. Lloyd.)
423. Pretty Pond Lilies.
427. Listen to my tale of woe.
428. White Wings Waltz.
433. Tipperary Christening.
443. A flower from Mother's grave.
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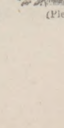

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The following Military Bands will perform during the week ending Oct. 18.
1st Battalion South Lancashire Regiment.
1st Battalion Northamptonshire Regiment.
Bands Play daily from Three p.m. to Eleven p.m.

ROYAL MILITARY EXHIBITION.
The following events will take place during the week:—
Display of Drill, &c., by the Boys of the Duke of York School.
Sword Exercise, Sword v. Sword, Sword v. Lance, Balaclava Mêlée, and Driving Competition, &c., by the J Battery Royal Horse Artillery.
Ascent of Spencer's Great War Balloon.
Concert by the Students of the Royal Normal College for the Blind, Norwood, and Gymnastic Display by the same pupils.
Grand Display by the Lady Gymnasts of the Regent-street Polytechnic.
Gymnastic Display by the Instructors of the Army Gymnasium, Aldershot.

ROYAL MILITARY EXHIBITION.
Omnibuses every five minutes from Sloane-square and South Kensington Stations.
Steam-boats from all Piers to Victoria Pier (opposite the Main Entrance).
ADMISSION, EVERY DAY, ONE SHILLING.
This Price Admits to all Entertainments.
Major G. E. W. Malet, Hon. Director.

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The only reliable Pills. They never fail in the most obstinate case. Post free, 1s. 3d. and 2s. 9d.
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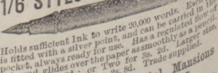

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Silver Watches from 12s.; Gold, 25s.; Silver Brooches, 10d.; Earrings, 8d.; Lockets, 1s. 3d.; Necklets, 3s.; Pencils, 1s.; Scarf-Pins, 6d.; Gold Dress Rings, 3s. 6d.; Lockets, 3s. 6d., Earrings, 2s. 9d. Genuine gold and silver guaranteed. Grand New Catalogue, 1200 Engravings, of high-class Watches and Jewellery, POST FREE on application. See one before purchasing.
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If you want to be permanently and speedily cured of this distressing complaint, discard prejudice, and write to THE SECRETARY, Burwood House, Burwood-place, Hyde Park, London. He will send you "Gratis" full instructions for cure, and advice on diet.

A WONDERFUL MEDICINE.

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WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.

For females of all ages these Pills are invaluable, as a few doses of them carry off all humours, and bring about a healthy action of the system that is required. No female should be without them. There is no medicine to be found equal to it extant for removing any obstruction or irregularity of the system. If taken according to the directions given with each box, they will soon restore females of all ages to a sound and perfect health.

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100 beautiful Relief Scraps, for Albums, &c.; also Six splendid French Chromo Pictures; also a Cure for Love; also a Comical Curious Love-Letter; also Mother Shipton's Prophecies; and last, but not least, a LOVELY ASSORTMENT OF CHRISTMAS AND NEW-YEAR'S CARDS.

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3 STOPS. Vox-humana. Expression, and Flute.

Two complete Sets of Reeds.

By Royal Letters Patent.

A MERE CHILD CAN PLAY IT.

COUPON. 533

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Such a large collection of diverse styles in Serges cannot be obtained elsewhere.

Everyone should see them, and buy them, as they stand UNRIVALLED for appearance, economy, and wear; in fact, if they have a fault at all, it is that they wear too long.

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WORKS BY HAND OR TREADLE.

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Warranted for 4 years. Especially adapted for Dressmaking and Family Sewing, and is so simple as to require no instruction beyond the Guide-Book which is given (and all accessories) with each Machine. Supplied on easy terms—at 5s. per Month. Particulars post free.

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Unless you like Music. One of our facile self-instructors is presented gratis with every instrument. Price lists free. Violins, Complete outfits with bow, resin, self-instruction book, &c., 6s. 6d., 7s. 9d., 10s. 6d., 21s. Banjoes, 5s. 6d., 8s. 6d., 10s. 3d., 15s., 25s. Bugles, 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 6s. 9d. Zithers, 5s. 9d., 10s. 6d., 15s. 6d. Cornet in case, 20s. Flutes, 2s. 10d., 3s. 3d., 6s. 6d. Mandoline, 25s. Melodeons, 5s., 7s. 6d., 9s. 6d. Concertinas, 4s. 3d., 5s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d. Nigger Wits, 1s. 6d. Bones, 1s., 2s. Nigger, black or red, oil. Tambourines, 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s., 2s. 6d. Castanets, 6d. Ocarinas, 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s. Dulcimers, 4s. 6d., 5s., 8s. Set of 4 violin strings, 1s. 2d. Set of 5 banjo strings, 1s. 2d. Music, songs, &c., at trade prices. A single article at wholesale price and carriage paid. The STAINER MANUFACTURING CO. (S dept.), 31, Moorgate-street, London.

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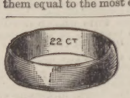

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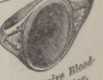

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